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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*St. James's; a Satirical Poem, in Six Epistles to Mr. Crockford.* London, 1827. Quarto. pp. 151.

WE opened this book with more of prejudice against it, from its title, than has been confirmed by its perusal; for it is less offensive than we anticipated from a name so threatening and black-leggish. We do not, however, mean by this negative compliment to praise either the design or the execution; for we heartily dislike all works of the class to which it belongs. Mr. Crockford and his gambling associates are little worthy of the poet's strains; and the vice which might be beneficially exposed to public reprobation is touched with far too light a hand here to produce any curative effect. It is stated in the newspapers that the vanity and ambition displayed in raising so flagrant a temple to profligacy in St. James's Street has caused a re-action; and that many subscribers becoming ashamed of so open and conspicuous a blazonry of their dangerous and demoralising pursuits, have withdrawn from this haunt of dissipation and folly. We know not whether this is fact or otherwise—(we fear it is not); but if there certainly were to be a stagnation in the matter, it could not fail to be agreeable to every right-minded man in the metropolis. We are perfectly aware that neither argument nor legislation can ever put an end to gaming: the love of chance and change is inherent in human nature, and from the naked savage to the coronetted brow there will always be innumerable votaries of the blind goddess. But the greater madness is, that in such resorts as we are alluding to there is no blind goddess to worship. Every individual Ass must perceive that he is plundered as irrevocably as that he plays. It is not disguised, that by calculations and watchfulness the professed gamster is sure to win from the heated and inexperienced adventurer; and we daily see the vagabonds of the prize-ring, race-course, and hells (as they are but too justly called), rise to the possession of considerable fortunes, at the expense of the crowd of idiots whom they can ensnare into their tails. We are sorry, indeed, to see rascality prosper; but, at the same time, when we hear that any one has exchanged a good estate or an ample revenue for the cast of a pair of dice, we cannot even pity the contemptible fool. Certes he deserved neither estate nor independency, who could so absurdly risk them at the shrine of madness and base avarice.

But we are not about to read a homily on the vice in question—it is simply our duty to show what sort of a performance is here offered to the public. An equivocal inscription to Mr. Moore asks him "if" he will accept of the dedication of the volume to him; and we dare say, if that gentleman answered the question, it would be with a No as emphatic as one of Mr. Canning's monosyllabic speeches in the House of Commons. A preface likens

St. James's to "the Dunciad, the Rosciad, the Baviad and the Mœviad," (as if the latter was two poems!) and other satirical publications; and, further on, makes a mystery of the authorship, agreeably to the present practice in book making, which is improved upon by the more rare circumstance of having no publisher's name. Having thus on the threshold done the possible to excite curiosity, the writer opens his first epistle to "Crocky," and gives the following account of himself:

"I dine mostly once a week  
In Whitehall Place, where ostentation  
Takes every day some gorgeous freak,  
And enters come up in rotation,  
On trays, whose taste and whose dimension  
Would make you think 'twere some invention  
To feast, at once, one half the nation:  
The baronet so much, besides,  
Himself upon his *artistic* prides,  
To have the *cuisine* justice done,  
'Tis said, and 'tis believed, he took  
An income from a younger son  
To pay the wages of his cook.

All this, which, Crocky, *entre nous*,  
Comes every day within my view,  
Still needs that charm which, to my mind,  
We only at thy table find."

What is to be found here is detailed in other parts; and we are generally informed that luxurious suppers and costly wines are lavishly supplied to the silly gulls who frequent the gaming table, and have made Crockford the possessor in reality, or in reversion, of some of the finest landed properties in England!!!

As a sample of the versification, which is a peculiar species of doggerel—and of the wit, which is sad and oft-repeated punning,—we select, in the first instance, the annexed passage.

"Here, nightly, 'halt or miss' is played,  
To some spectators' great amazement;  
By marks as good as C—I made  
With pipe-clay balls from Raggat's casement.  
Here, too, like Wilford in the play—  
The Iron Chest I think they call it—  
(Though, as G—e M—y now would say,  
I have not time to 'overhaul' it)—  
Crockford, do you, with iron chest  
As full of play, and looking gaily,  
If not 'improve' among the rest,  
Certainly 'pick up something daily.'  
Suppose, then, not to stretch this line  
Beyond the common 'course of wooing,'  
In the next billet-doux of mine  
One or two secrets I'll let you in,  
Which now would take more room for telling  
Than one long letter would look well in.  
And I shall not my labour grudge—  
Of all I write on, notwithstanding  
There is not half so good a judge  
As you are reckoned, all the land in."

Of course it was to be expected in a production of this kind, that personality should not be wanting; and the following will exhibit the writer's prowess in that way, to those who understand his allusions, dashes, and asterisks.

"Though I would never pledge my word  
Against my faith, to back thy luck,  
I think that D—I—n's a bird  
Thou canst not better do than pluck:  
Whose wealth, unlike the Wicklow mines,  
Not only on the surface shines,  
But when below they've chance to sound,  
His fortunes, if report be true, are  
Considered underneath the ground,  
Deeper, if possible, than—you are!  
All, therefore, that you have to do,  
(And which to me seems very plain),  
Where'er you can, is—*entre nous*—  
To get his lordship 'in the vein.'

When K—t—g e'er becomes thy prey,  
Gently, Oh! Crocky, pray let him in,  
For he has little left for play,  
Who spends so much upon the women.  
And never yet did thought combine,  
(Perhaps you may not chance to know it),  
A greater truth, than in this line  
Copied from the Italian poet."

"But it is not to Outlands alone that a mind  
So gamesteric as thine could be ever confined;  
There is many a lord, who hath happened to bite  
At the baits thou hast thrown out, now gives thee three the right."

To sport o'er his land; and some do not complain,  
If each stream it is washed by thou happen'st to drain!  
For ever be thankful to P—e for thy sport,  
When down in Northamptonshire paying him court;  
And when over to Ireland ever you went,  
On the purport of forwarding trade fully bent,  
Forget not the kindness by T—e shown;  
Whose father's estate thou hast used as thine own;  
Or the welcome of K—t—g, though Roger got  
Little more in his pond than will boil his own pot;  
Then, at B—if—t, remember the favour to thee  
From him who one day richest marquis will be  
In the land of Hibernia, and, by the same rule,  
In England is thought, at this day, the first foot!  
In Gloucestershire if thou should'st happen to roam,  
With B—k—y thou know'st at thou art ever 'at home';  
At Hull of C—e's regard thou canst boast,  
Which has often supplied thee as freely as most,  
And would supply more, were it not for that gander  
He brought into parliament, called Salamander!

If I were to proceed, and to swell out the list  
With the names of all those 'to thy mill who bring  
gift,'  
Who, from fish in thy net, have heaped gold in thy lap,  
It could only be done by surveying the map  
Of Britain, and marking the many estates,  
The flats of whose waters have swallowed thy baits."

This showing-up of losers is followed by one of those passages which mark this composition for profanity and a contempt of sacred things.

"I can fancy we live in those long-vanished days,  
Whose deeds are the themes of our holiest lays,  
And the promise, to others held out, it has been  
(As reward of thy goodness) thy fortune to win.  
'The miraculous draught,' caught by Simon of old,  
Though such that his net the contents could not hold,  
Surpasses not that one, which daily we see,  
Emmeshed, and immediately pulled in, by thee.  
And may I not, therefore, feel perfectly sure  
That thou, mighty man, art 'the real Simon pure';  
When I think o'er thy deeds, and, especially, when  
The prophecy says, 'thou shalt henceforth catch men!'"

The impious style of such ralhdry cannot be too severely censured. Again—

"Illustrious man of 'loaves and fishes'!  
Of love and money equal winner!  
Whose taste and whose experience dishes  
Alike the eater and the dinner!  
Within whose walls each day we spy  
The souls of men and fish thou'rt buying;  
And some are sent below to fry,  
While other ones below are frying.  
Good man! that turnest o'er the leaves  
Of pious revelation, where  
We all are told, a den of thieves  
Was changed into a house of prayer;  
And bearing such decrees in view  
This proper maxim dost pursue—  
For nightly, ere the feast begins,  
We find thee at thy desk fast stuck,  
Praying—for grace to hide thy sins,  
And praying, after that, for—luck!  
Then, following up that noble plan,  
Laid down in 'holy writ' for man,  
You Christianly fulfil the creed—  
For goodly faith and nature tempt ye—  
'The hungry with good things to feed,  
And send away the rich quite empty.'"

There is also sometimes a tolerable disregard of sense and grammar: for instance—

"'Tis Addison, if I guess rightly,  
(Though it is long since I have read it,  
And even then so very slightly,  
I scarce can carry in my head it)."

But we have gone far enough to make the character of the work known to our readers, and shall now conclude with its moralising conclusion—called “a Word at Parting,” and not destitute of merit.

“A truce, ere yet my spirit dies,  
And let me briefly moralise!  
I would not have my readers think,  
In traversing this fatal main,  
(Wherein such myriads daily sink,  
Never, perchance, to rise again,)  
I do not know the deadly harm  
That’s hid in its seductive charm!  
I do! as I had followed well  
This ignis-fatuus of ruin;  
And see how bright’s the dazzling spell  
Which leads men thus to their undoing!

First, comes a discontent with what  
Of Fortune we’ve already got—  
Then, as the mind is apt to soar,  
Desire to make sufficient—more;  
And to accomplish this, we roam  
From all the blandishments of home.  
The wife, who may look once alone  
Our May of life so brightly on—  
The child, whose language could impart  
Such matchless music to the heart—  
The friend, who in our dwelling smiled,  
And envied us this wife and child!  
From these we rush, and on that shrine,  
Around which such strong allurements shine,  
We sacrifice, in hope of gain,  
What Fate endowed us with—in vain!  
Behold that man whose hope, at last,  
Lies in one solitary cast:  
Who, agonised, thinks he’ll restore  
The thousands he has lost before;  
With the deep goblet’s purple stain  
His maddening senses dares to drain,  
And rendered wild, then madly stakes  
That which both house and fortune breaks;  
Without one monitor to tell  
The hearts that it will break as well!  
While thus become more deeply curst  
By this belief—his last, and worst,  
At every turn of Fortune crossed,  
His life, and all its worth, are lost!  
I know this, reader—and, what’s more,  
Its practisers do also know it;  
For every year that passes o’er,  
More clearly operates to shew it.  
Yet still, if men will thus despise  
Their worldly good, and not preserve it,  
But see it spoiled, with open eyes,  
I really think that they deserve it.”

*Elements of Physics; or, Natural Philosophy, General and Medical, Explained, independently of Technical Mathematics.* By N. Arnot, M.D. 8vo. pp. 611. London, 1827. Underwoods.

FEW persons would expect from this title a book very easily understood by ordinary readers, and in the highest degree interesting to all liberal minds; but such is Dr. Arnot’s volume. While the phrases “charms of philosophy,” “ennobling pursuits of philosophy,” and the like, are familiar to every ear; the common impression is that they respect enjoyments which can be reached only by men of genius or of great leisure, because of the difficulty or complexity of the necessary preliminary studies. Such works as the present, however, prove that the preliminary labour may be rendered light indeed by the talent of a good teacher, and that the halls of science may be entered without let or hindrance by all who are not in their nature grovelling and unfit to take delight in contemplating the uses, and beauties, and harmonies of the universe.

The great peculiarity of the present work is, that, although strictly scientific and precise throughout, it does not require in the reader an acquaintance with a single mathematical or other technicality. At page 25, the author remarks, “It is a common saying that natural philosophy is altogether founded on mathematics or the science of quantity, and it is a perfectly true saying; but a faulty understanding of the truth has needlessly excluded the great mass of mankind from the enjoyment and advantages which the study is calculated to afford.

It has hence not been suspected that the mathematics of common sense and observation, as described above, and which all men possess, is perfectly sufficient, when explained in common and not in technical language, to enable the student to understand all the great laws of nature.” And at page xxi.: “Few persons in civilised society are so ignorant as not to know that a square has four equal sides, and four equal corners or angles; and that every point in the circumference of a circle is at the same distance from the centre: now these truths, with others similar, learned in the same way, form a very important body of mathematical knowledge, and a passport to the understanding of all the general laws of nature.”

The introduction to the volume is an important part of it. After contrasting the stationary condition of the inferior animals (likened to that of vegetables) with the progressive condition of man from the savage to the more and more civilised state, the author shews very convincingly that this progress is dependant on the increase of knowledge, and that it is more rapid now than ever.

“Although there are thousands of years in the records of the world, our Bacon, who first taught the true way to investigate nature, lived but the other day. Newton followed him, and illustrated his precepts by the most sublime discoveries that one man has ever made. Harvey detected the circulation of the blood only two hundred years ago. Adam Smith, Dr. Black, and James Watt, were friends; and the last, whose steam-engines are now changing the relations of empires, is scarcely cold in his grave. John Hunter died not long ago; and Herschell’s account of the newly discovered planets and structure of the heavens, are in the late numbers of our scientific journals. And these illustrious Britons have worthy successors treading in their steps. On the continent of Europe, during the same period, a corresponding constellation of genius has shone; and living Laplace is the bright star that connects the past with the future.”

After this, Dr. A. gives a general chart or tree of human knowledge, in which the mutual relations and dependence are seen of the different departments or branches both of science and art. This part might be supposed more interesting to the adept than to the beginner, but through the skill of the writer, we believe even the contrary will be found to hold. To be enabled to take in at one view the whole field of human science, gives to the tyro the same kind of pleasure as to a man visiting a new country, when from a lofty peak he can descry at once all the pride and riches scattered around. The chart of knowledge may serve a more useful purpose, however, as a guide to persons pursuing their education; for it shews the natural beginning and subsequent order of study, and in many minds may convert what would forever remain chaos, into a rich store beautifully arranged. Physics, or natural philosophy, is next shewn to be fundamental of the other parts of science and of the arts. With respect to the medical art, for instance, the author says:—

“And besides all these and other uses, physics is an important foundation of the healing art. The medical man indeed is the engineer pre-eminently; for it is in the animal body that true perfection and the greatest variety of mechanism are found. Where is there, to illustrate mechanics, a system of levers, and hinges, and moving parts, like the limbs of an animal body; where such an hydraulic apparatus as in the heart and blood-vessels; such a pneumatic apparatus as in the breathing chest;

such acoustic instruments as in the ear and larynx; such an optical instrument as in the eye; in a word, such mechanical variety and perfection as in the whole of the visible anatomy! All these structures the medical man, of course, should understand, as a watch-maker knows the parts of the machine about which he is employed. The latter, unless he can discover where a pin is loose, or a wheel injured, or a particle of dust adhering, or oil wanting, &c., would ill succeed in repairing an injury: and so also of the ignorant medical man in respect to the human body. Yet, will it be believed, that there are medical men who neither understand mechanics, nor hydraulics, nor pneumatics, nor optics, nor acoustics, beyond the merest routine; and that systems of medical education are put forth at this day which do not even mention the department of physics! That such is the case, furnishes illustration of what is stated in the beginning of this essay: that the sciences and arts are progressive, and that perfect methods of education must arise gradually, like all other things of human contrivance. It is within the recollection of persons now living, that political economy was discovered to be a grand foundation of the art of government, and a security against many national misfortunes common in former times, yea, even famine and war. And the day is not distant when the members of the medical profession generally will understand how much the correct knowledge of animal structure and function, and of many remedies, must depend on precise acquaintance of physics.”

The proper business of the volume begins with the following synopsis:—

“A varied edifice or even a magnificent city may be constructed of stone from the same quarry; yet, far surpassing this, it is found that the inconceivably more varied and magnificent fabric of the universe, with all its orders of phenomena, is of elements but a little more complex. The four words, atom, attraction, repulsion, inertia, point to four general truths, which explain the greater part of the phenomena of nature. Because they are so general, they are called physical truths, from the Greek word signifying nature; an appellation that distinguishes them from chemical truths, which only regard particular substances, and from vital truths which have relation only to living bodies. In the cases where a chemical or vital influence operates, it modifies but does not destroy the physical influence. By fixing the attention, then, on these four fundamental truths, the student obtains as it were so many keys to unlock, and lights to illumine, the secrets and treasures of nature. 1st. *Atom* (a Greek word signifying that which cannot be further divided) means an exceedingly minute resisting particle. The visible universe is built up of such particles, held together by an influence called, 2d. *Attraction*, which word implies that all the atoms, whether separate or already joined into masses, tend towards each other, and all other masses, with force proportioned to their various proximity. 3d. *Repulsion* means that, under certain known circumstances, as of heat diffused among the particles, their attraction is counteracted or resisted, and they tend to separate with force proportioned to their proximity. 4th. *Inertia* expresses the fact, that the atoms, as regards motion, have a stubbornness about them which tends always to keep them in their existing state, whatever it may be. Hence bodies neither acquire motion, nor lose motion, nor bend in motion, but in exact proportion to the force applied. A person comprehending fully the

import of these four words, may predict or anticipate correctly very many of the facts and phenomena which the extended experience of a life can display to him. To give the reason or explanation of any fact, means only to shew its accordance with a general truth or principle; and it will be found that this volume is merely an enumeration of a vast mass of the most important facts or phenomena of nature and art, classified so as to be explained by the four physical truths, and so as mutually to illustrate each other. They will be distributed under the following five heads or divisions:—

"Chap. I.—*Somatology and Dynamics* (from Greek words signifying a discourse on bodies and force or power); the four truths made to explain generally the constitution of masses, and the motions going on among them.

"Chap. II.—*Mechanics* (from the Greek word signifying a machine); the four truths explaining the peculiarities of state and motion among solid bodies.

"Chap. III.—*Hydrodynamics* (from Greek words signifying water and force); the truths explaining the peculiarities of state and motion among fluid bodies. Sect. 1. *Hydrostatics* (water at rest). 2. *Pneumatics* (air phenomena). 3. *Hydraulics* (water or fluid in motion). 4. *Acoustics* (phenomena of sound and hearing).

"Chap. IV.—The truths aiding to explain the more recondite phenomena of imponderable substance, under the heads of—Sect. 1. *Caloric or heat*. 2. *Optics—light*. 3. *Electricity*, from the Greek word signifying amber; for the electric light was first obtained from amber. 4. *Magnetism*.

"Chap. V.—*Astronomy—phenomena of the heavens*.

"Under each chapter will be ranged the illustrations afforded by the animal economy. *Animal and Medical Physics*."

Atom is thus explained:—

"The smallest portion of any substance which the human eye can perceive, is still a mass of many ultimate atoms or particles, which may be separated from each other, or newly arranged, but which cannot individually be hurt or destroyed. A particle of powdered marble, hardly visible to the naked eye, still appears to the microscope a block susceptible of indefinite division; and, when broken by fit instruments, until the microscope can hardly discover the separate particles of the fine powder, these may be yet farther divided by dissolving them in an acid, until the whole becomes absolutely invisible, as part of a transparent liquid. A small mass of gold may be hammered into thin leaf, or drawn into fine wire, or cut into almost invisible parts, or liquefied in a crucible, or dissolved in acid, or dissipated by intense heat into vapour; yet, after any and all of these changes, the atoms can be collected again, and the original gold can be exhibited in its pristine state, without the slightest diminution or change. And all the substances or elements of which our globe is composed may thus be cut, torn, bruised, ground, &c. a thousand times, but are always recoverable as perfect as at first. And, with respect to delicate combinations of these elements, such as we see in animal and vegetable substances, although it be beyond human art originally to form or to imitate many of them, still, in their decomposition and apparent destruction, the accomplished chemist of the present day does not lose a single atom. The coal which burns in his apparatus until only a little ash remains behind, or the wax-taper which seems to vanish altogether in flame, or the portion of animal flesh which putrefies and gradually dries up and

disappears; all these phenomena are now proved to be only changes of connexion and arrangement among the indestructible ultimate atoms; and the chemist can offer all the elements again, mixed or separate, as desired, for any of the useful purposes to which they are severally applicable. When the funeral piles of the ancients, with their charge of human relict, appeared to be wholly consumed, and left the ideas with survivors that no base use could be made in after time of what had been the material dwelling of a noble or beloved spirit, the flames had only, as it were, scattered the everlasting blocks of which a former edifice had been constructed, but which were soon to serve again in new combinations."

Attraction is thus explained:—

"Logs of wood floating in a pond approach each other, and afterwards remain in contact. The wreck of a ship, in a smooth sea after a storm, is often seen gathered into heaps. Two bullets or plummets, suspended by strings near to each other, are found by the delicate test of the torsion balance to attract each other, and therefore not to hang quite perpendicularly. A plummet suspended near the side of a mountain, inclines towards it in a degree proportioned to its magnitude; as was ascertained by the well-known trials of Dr. Maskeleyne near the mountain Skelake, in Scotland. And the reason why the plummet tends much more strongly towards the earth than towards the hill, is only that the earth is larger than the hill. And at New South Wales, which is a point on our globe nearly opposite to England, plummets hang and fall towards the centre of the globe, exactly as they do here, so that they are hanging up and falling towards England, and the people there are standing with their feet towards us. Weight, therefore, is merely general attraction acting every where. But it is owing to this general attraction that our earth itself is a globe. All its parts being drawn towards each other, that is towards a common centre, the mass assumes the spherical or rounded form. And the moon also is round, and all the planets are round; the glorious sun, so much larger than all these, is round: proving that all must at one time have been fluid, and that they are all subject to the same law. Other instances of roundness from this cause are—the particles of a mist or fog floating in air, these mutually attracting and coalescing into larger drops, and forming rain; dew-drops; water trickling on a duck's wing; the tear dropping from the cheek; drops of laudanum; globules of mercury, like pure silver beads, coalescing when near, and forming larger ones; melted lead allowed to rain down from an elevated sieve, which cools as it descends, so as to retain the form of its liquid drops, and becomes the spherical shot-lead of the sportsman. The cause of the extraordinary phenomenon which we call attraction acts at all distances. The moon, though 240,000 miles from the earth, by her attraction raises the water of the ocean under her, and forms what we call the tide. The sun, still farther off, has a similar influence; and when the sun and moon act in the same direction, we have the spring tides. The planets, those apparently little wandering points in the heaven, yet affect, by their attraction, the motion of our earth in her orbit, quickening it when she is approaching them, retarding it when she is receding."

The extreme simplicity and clearness of arrangement throughout this volume are points meriting particular notice, and ones in which the author has far surpassed any former attempt. By the labour bestowed on it he so

directs the stream of thought, that the reader runs through the book with a kind of intuitive anticipation in every place of what is immediately to follow. The pleasure attending such a mode of learning, and the force with which the new ideas are thus impressed upon the mind, can only be truly conceived of by him who has had the experience. Perfect arrangement has enabled the author not only to describe every where with the greatest clearness, but also with such surprising brevity, that we doubt whether any single volume exists having such a condensation of important matter. It may be considered as made up of lively descriptions of the most interesting phenomena of nature and processes of art, and where the mind's eye can trace clearly the philosophical links which connect them, while no disgust can arise to common readers from the frequent occurrence of pure abstractions or dry scholastic propositions.

To give an idea of the condensation of matter in the volume, we may enumerate the following as part of the subjects clearly treated in one short chapter on pneumatics:—air-gun, air-pump, common pumps, diving-bell, compressed air fountains, syphon, barometer, cupping apparatus, boiling and distilling, steam-engines, explosions, climate, phenomena of the weather, balloons, warming and ventilating houses, winds, &c.

We shall recur again to this volume.

#### CHINESE ROMANCE.

A CHINESE romance, called "In-Kiao-Li, or the Two Cousins," has been translated into French, by M. Abel Rémusat. The following outline of the story may be interesting, as comprehending a sketch of Chinese manners.

Mr. Pe, a scholar of the highest rank, had a daughter called Hungiu, whose beauty and talents consoled him for the greatest affliction which a Chinese can sustain, that of not having a son. A widower, and approaching his sixtieth year, he was solely occupied with endeavouring to discover among the young men, not the most noble or the most rich (for in the good country of China merit leads infallibly to fortune), but a son-in-law worthy of his child. One day when he was carousing with some friends, and making verses on China-asters (for it is to be observed, that wine, poetry, and flowers, are intimately connected in the Chinese imagination), surprised by sleep before he had accomplished his poetical task, he ran the risk of being fined ten large cups, if his daughter, apprised by a servant of what had occurred, had not composed, and secretly conveyed to her father, the verses required. This amiable stratagem of the young lady's was soon discovered, and the greatness of her merit suggested to an old lord called Yang the idea of asking her in marriage for his son. For this purpose, he deputed to Mr. Pe an astrologer, who, affecting to be engaged in drawing the horoscope of the old man, let fall certain flattering expressions respecting young Yang-Fang. The old scholar being, as observed, resolved to have no one but a man of real merit for his son-in-law, determined to judge for himself of Yang-Fang, who unfortunately proved worthless. The resentment of the old lord at the rejection of his son was so lively, that he contrived to cause Mr. Pe to be sent on the dangerous mission of going to treat for the ransom of the emperor, who was at that time a captive among the Tartars. The peril of the undertaking was not what most afflicted Mr. Pe, whose firm and severe character bore some resemblance to that of the good Vicar of Wakefield. All his anxiety was at leaving



Hungiu exposed to the persecutions of Yang. He imparted his fears to his brother-in-law, Dr. Gou, who offered to take his niece to his own house. That being done, Mr. Pe received the farewell of his daughter, made the three reverences prescribed by the rites, and set bravely forward on the road to Tartary.

Dr. Gou, desirous that Yang should lose all traces of Hungiu, conducted her to Nanking, where she passed for his daughter. The precocious talents of a student named See-Youpe caused the uncle to conceive the notion of giving him to his niece, for a protector and a husband. For that purpose he employed a female go-between, whose office is as honourable in China, as it is generally equivocal in other countries. The young man, more prudent or more curious than the greater part of his countrymen, wished, before entering into any engagement, to see the young beauty who was offered to him. Assisted by the instructions of the lady go-between, he placed himself in ambuscade, and saw at a window, instead of Hungiu, Dr. Gou's own daughter, who seemed to him to be only moderately handsome. Determined to have for a companion no one who was not perfect, he politely declined the alliance. The doctor, piqued at his conduct, successfully used his credit with the young scholar's superiors to withdraw from him his degree of bachelor, on the score of his rudeness.

In the mean while, Mr. Pe, having returned from his mission, took his daughter home. See-Youpe, less afflicted by his disgrace than tormented with the desire of finding a wife after his own heart, suddenly received a message from one of his uncles, who, destitute of children, invited him to come to him, and offered to adopt him. See, hoping to find in the capital, more easily than elsewhere, a wife such as his imagination pictured, set off with a single servant. He had proceeded but a few leagues, when he was stopped by a man, who seized the bridle of his horse, and attempted to wrest his whip from him. See, who took the man for a thief or a madman, resisted. The stranger persevered, and at last told him that his wife had been carried off, that he had applied to a conjuror for his magical assistance in recovering her, that the conjuror predicted that he would meet a young gentleman dressed like See, whose whip he enjoined him to take, promising that in that event he would recover his wife. The conjuror had added, that the young gentleman was in search of a wife. These last words struck See-Youpe, who, notwithstanding his great intelligence, was a believer in astrology. He gave up his whip to the stranger, requiring from him only a willow-branch in return. In climbing one of the willows, however, which bordered the road, the poor man desecrated his wife in a chapel where the villains had confined her. This miraculous adventure decided See-Youpe not to go to his uncle until he had consulted the conjuror. Surprised by night, our traveller was compelled to stop at a monastery. It was one which Mr. Pe, who was religiously devoted to Bouddha, had formerly built, near the town of Kinchi, in which he resided, in the hope of obtaining a son. One of its inmates related these details to the young man, and did not forget to expatiate on the merit of the daughter of the pious founder. At this recital, the vague desires of See-Youpe changed into real love, and his destiny was fixed. Not being able to sleep, he walked by moonlight about the monastery. A light guided him to a closet where two young men were drinking, and endeavouring to make some sonnets on a subject which

had been treated by Miss Hungiu. It was a sort of competition invented by Mr. Pe to guide him in his choice of a son-in-law. The young men having explained to their visitor what they were about, shewed him the young lady's verses. The beauty of this piece, worthy of the genii, inspired See-Youpe, who wrote extemporaneously two sonnets, full of grace, on the subject proposed. His new friends, conscious of the superiority of his verses, resolved to appropriate them. The name of Tchang was put at the bottom of See-Youpe's first production, and that of our hero at the bottom of Tchang's. Mr. Pe, charmed with the piece which bore Tchang's name, hastened to choose a fortunate day, and invited the author to dinner. But, always suspicious, the old scholar, while praising the sonnet, requested the young poet to compose a new one on the same subject. Tchang's memory serving him, he recited See-Youpe's second piece. Hungiu, however, apprised by Yanson, her maid, of the unfavourable mien of her admirer, obtained from her father a promise not to precipitate matters. Tchang, therefore, was admitted into the house only as a preceptor to a young nephew of Mr. Pe's.

See-Youpe, although mortified at the preference which had been given to the bad verses of his rival, could not withdraw himself from the neighbourhood of Miss Hungiu. One day Tchang learned that his host was about to prove him again, and to ask him to compose some verses on a tree just in blossom. He hastened to summon See-Youpe to his aid, led him into the garden, pointed out to him, on the other side of an espalier which formed the enclosure of the inner apartments, a pear-tree in full bloom, and invited him to celebrate it in poetry. See-Youpe yielded to the inspiration of the moment; and Tchang graved on his memory the verses which escaped him. Presently, being called for by Mr. Pe, he was obliged to leave See in the garden. Hungiu, who had long wished to see the pretender to her hand, hearing somebody walking near the espalier, and conceiving that it could be no one but Tchang, softly peeped through the leaves, and was very much pleased with the young man whom she saw. She scolded Yanson for her false report. Yanson, much surprised, hastened to ascertain the fact. At the sight of so handsome a young man she was seized with joy and fright. See-Youpe ran to her, mentioned his name, and complained of the reception which her mistress had given to his verses. The charitable Yanson advised him to write them again; offering to carry them to her mistress. At the sight of the verses, Hungiu suspected Tchang's roguery; and to clear up the matter, determined that she would herself prove See's talents. By means of Yanson, she proposed to him a subject in accordance with the singularity of their situation. See-Youpe composed the verses instantly, with a talent proportioned to his love. Hungiu had a great mind to discover all to her father, but was restrained by the fear that he would blame the kind of correspondence which she had allowed herself to enter into with a young man. It also struck her, that by removing See-Youpe, Tchang's incapacity would appear of itself. She contented herself, therefore, with telling her lover to go to Nanking to Dr. Gou, and to beg him to be his advocate.

See-Youpe, more amorous than ever, set off for Nanking, a little embarrassed, however, at the thought of appearing before Dr. Gou, whose resentment he feared. On the way, he met one of his fellow-students, called

See-Youpe, who told him that at Dr. Gou's request he had been replaced in his degree. The joy which this news gave him, induced him to communicate to his friend the object of his journey. The latter, who for a long time had entertained views on Miss Pe, pretended that Dr. Gou had quitted Nanking, to repair to court; which greatly annoyed See-Youpe, who had not calculated on having to go such a distance. His comrade offered him several ounces of silver, and pressed him to continue his route. The traitor then proceeded himself to Nanking, waited on Dr. Gou, after sending the usual presents, and represented himself as See-Youpe's brother; sent by him to apologise for the past, and to entreat Dr. Gou's interest with his niece. Furnished with the letter which he wished for, he repaired to Kinchi, where he was favourably received by Mr. Pe. But in the person of Tchang he found a formidable antagonist. The two rascals, of whom one had stolen the name and the other the verses of See-Youpe, wrote epigrams upon each other, which, joined to other indications, ended in their being unmasked.

In the meanwhile, See was travelling towards Pekin, when he was attacked and plundered by robbers. He sought in his poetical talent a remedy for this disaster. A magistrate of the little town of Tseou, Mr. Li, was desirous of having some verses to put at the bottom of a screen which he wished to present to the judge of the province. See composed the verses, on the assurance that Mr. Li would place him in a condition to reach Pekin. But the latter was in no hurry to fulfil his promise. As See was walking in the magistrate's park, he saw a boy of about sixteen, of a most pleasing appearance, come out of a contiguous garden. They became acquainted, and the most ardent friendship sprang up between them. See-Youpe having told the unknown his name and that of his family, the latter, in return, informed him that he was called Lo-Mingli, and that he was living with his mother and a twin-sister, who from a window had seen See-Youpe in the garden. See replied to the confidence of young Lo, by confessing that it was love for a young lady of the name of Hungiu which led him to Pekin. This confession threw Lo into a fit of reflection. He had promised See to make other disclosures in reply to his; but he was silent. At last, being pressed by See-Youpe, he acknowledged to him that, if by chance his heart had been free, he should have wished to see him united to his sister, who had been smitten with his graces. See-Youpe was very far from being unfaithful to Miss Pe, but he had never seen her, while he was enabled to judge of the beauty of Miss Lo by that of her brother, whom she resembled in every feature. He replied therefore to his young friend, that, notwithstanding his previous engagements, if his sister did not disdain his love, he was ready to plight to her his faith. Lo-Mingli assured him that although his sister well knew that the rank of the first wife was the most honourable, she would not the less willingly consent to become the second wife of such a man as See, provided Miss Hungiu would consent. This doubt appeared to the young man to be injurious to his mistress. "Where did you ever," he exclaimed, "see a wise girl nourish jealousy in her heart?" Lo, enchanted with this result, forced See to accept several ounces of silver and some jewels, and after the most affectionate parting, the young bachelor pursued his journey.

At a little distance from Tseou, he met the train of the judge of the province, whom he



found to be his uncle, and who adopted him according to his intention. See-Youpe, after having received the compliments of the retinue of his adopted father, and especially of the hero of the screen, continued his way to Pekin. Dr. Gou was then there. See, on his first visit, discovered the artifice of the homonymy, and begged the doctor to write to Mr. Pe to set it right. Elevated to the rank of licentiate, and soon after to that of doctor, he was so fortunate in his examinations, that it was intended that he should enter into the Hall of Jasper; which is, in fact, the University of Pekin. But, in consequence of a cabal formed among the sons of some rich courtiers, he was sent as a simple judge to the department of Hangcheou. See did not object to this appointment; satisfied to quit the capital, and to be able to go through Nanking and Tseou. On his arrival at the latter, he found Lo-Mingli's door shut, and the house deserted. He repaired to Nanking, and called on Mr. Pe, but was so unlucky as to learn that he was absent. This gentleman was gone on an excursion to Woulin; hoping to find in that rendezvous of the wits of the empire, the son-in-law for whom he had hitherto fruitlessly searched. He had quitted his house with the less regret, as he had not left his dear Hungiu alone. His sister, Mrs. Lo, had sometime before come to live with him, accompanied by a son seven years old, and a charming daughter of seventeen, who was no other than the amiable Lo-Mingli, who has already figured in this history; and who, even by the confession of Mr. Pe, was not inferior in poetical talent and beauty to Hungiu herself. Mr. Pe's embarrassment was thus much increased; for instead of one husband, he had now to look about for two. It may easily be conceived, from the intimacy in which the two fair cousins lived, that they mutually imparted their secrets; a confidence which was soon followed by a solemn promise never to separate.

Afflicted at not having been able to form any arrangements with the parents of his two mistresses, See repaired to his post in the Hangcheou. Old Yang, the same who had been desirous of marrying his son to Miss Pe, was then the governor of that province. He had a daughter, whom he determined to marry to See. For his go-between he chose the identical Tchang, whom we saw at Mr. Pe's house. This rogue, conceiving that See's love for Miss Hungiu would be an insurmountable obstacle to the governor's project, bethought him of passing her as dead. See, in despair, determined to remain faithful to her memory. Yang, outraged by his refusal, threw so many annoyances in his way, that the young judge sent in his resignation, and to escape Yang's pursuit, repaired to the neighbourhood of Woulin, to the cave of the Emperor Ju, almost without attendants, and under the name of Lieou. It was the old conjuror, the same whom he had consulted in the preceding year, who advised him to take that direction; promising him a double marriage, and the rank of member of the university; two pieces of good fortune which at that time appeared to See to be equally improbable. Mr. Pe, on his part, apprehensive of the importunate civilities of Governor Yang, travelled under the name of Hoangfou. Not being able to find among the assembled wits at Woulin any but young coxcombs, who pushed their impudence so far as to boast before him of their pretended intimacy with the Counsellor of State, Pe, he crossed the western lake, and went to visit the cave of the Emperor Ju. Lieou and he met; and the

old man was not long in discovering the merit of the young one. He congratulated himself on having at last discovered a son-in-law to his mind. But would not his niece complain of his having forgotten her for his daughter? To obviate this inconvenience, he determined to offer both to Lieou. The latter opened the state of his heart, and informed Hoangfou, that of his two mistresses the one was like a broken lute, and the other had disappeared without leaving any traces. Urged by the old man, he nevertheless consented to the double union proposed to him, and promised to return to Kinchi. Scarcely had this part of the conjuror's prediction been accomplished, before the other was verified. On crossing the river, See was recognised by the people of the sub-prefect. They eagerly paid him the salute due to an inhabitant of the Hall of Jasper, and conducted him to the governor, who entertained him to forget the injuries he had received, and shewed him the Imperial Gazette, in which he found the emperor's decree, establishing him in that rank.

On learning the engagements into which Mr. Pe had entered with young Lieou, the dissatisfaction of the two cousins was extreme. Dr. Gou's letter had arrived during Mr. Pe's absence. They hastened to put it in his hands. The old man was exceedingly mortified at having engaged with Mr. Lieou, now that young See, for whose alliance he had always wished, offered himself, with the recommendation of his brother-in-law. Tchang, on his side, who had so much reputation to make to See-Youpe, told him that he had deceived him in announcing the death of Miss Hungiu. Enchanted at this news, and blessed with a character free from rancour, See merely burst into a violent fit of laughter, and set off for Kinchi, in order to break his engagements with Mr. Hoangfou. On his arrival, he informed himself of the old man's residence. Introduced to Mr. Pe by his servants, he told him that as his mistress had not seen the nine fountains, which he had believed, he could not keep his promise; and in order that there might be no doubt in the case, he declared his true name. Mr. Pe, delighted with this explanation, apprised See-Youpe that he was speaking to Hungiu's father, and Miss Lo's uncle. The marriage was instantly concluded; and it was not without an astonishment mingled with joy, that See-Youpe recognised in his second wife, not the sister of his young friend, but the amiable Lo-Mingli; the remembrance of whom was so dear to his heart.

*Rambles in Madeira and in Portugal, in the early part of 1826. 12mo. pp. 380. London, 1827. C. and J. Rivington.*

WITHOUT much original matter, there is enough both of information and amusement to render this volume well worth the attention of fireside travellers. Much of the description is given with that vivid colouring which speaks the writer a true lover of nature; he quite revels in "groves of green myrtle." What would our readers say to passing the present summer in such a dwelling as the following?

"The house is a very pretty one; it has not been long built, and in fact only a portion of the apartments has as yet been used for residence; but there are more than enough for our accommodation. The situation is delightful, scarcely a quarter of an hour's walk from Funchal; and enjoying, from its comparative elevation, a beautiful view down the valley to

the city, (which, though so near, is scarcely visible from the orange trees and cypresses that embower us)—and to the bay, and coast, and the blue *desertas* beyond. Close on the west is the St. Luzia ravine, the further side of which rises to a considerable height: its cliff terraced, in the way I formerly described, into little gardens and vine grounds, and crowned by the trees and trellices of the *Achado* quinta. Our great luxury, however, is the garden: it is one of the largest and most beautiful in the island; a spacious vine corridor runs round nearly its whole extent, under the green arches of which, in summer, you may either ride or walk in coolness; while the interior space forms a 'leafy labyrinth,' in which trees and shrubs, flowers and fruits of every clime and hue, are crowded into a wilderness of shade and beauty. The higher part of the ground, upon which stands the house, is elevated considerably above the rest, and is divided from it by a terrace of considerable height. This circumstance is of very happy effect for the beauty of the garden: it in a manner doubles its extent, and multiplies its variety; while the wall of the terrace, in some parts nearly twenty feet high, affords an admirable field for every species of tropical creeper to luxuriate, as it were, at full length, and to put forth its leaf and blossoms to the sun in all the fearlessness which such a climate and aspect justify. Above the house the ground rises another step, and the boundary of the garden here is a wall of native rock, which is already half veiled by the trees and trailing plants, interposed to relieve its ruggedness. The freshness of the scene is completed by the tanks, always copiously supplied with running water, and which a little trouble might, I think, bring into play as fountains. The effect here would be delicious—to watch the element springing light from the basin."

Surrounded by such scenes as these:—"The road is a very good one, but the steepness of the mountain renders necessary a zig-zag formation, which gives us full leisure to enjoy the scene. It increases in interest as we get down; the lower steep slopes are covered with chestnut trees, over which are trained vines, and though neither are just now in leaf, the effect is one of great richness. Ever and anon you see orange trees interspersed with them, apparently of greater size and of more luxuriant bearing than those on the south of the island; and along the brooks at the bottom a few bananas are scattered, as if by nature, with that effect at once picturesque and oriental, which I think is peculiar to the plant. The lanes that lead through this fruit forest are often hollow, with luxuriant hedges of myrtle or pomegranate; and, sheltering in their intricacies a variety of flowers, I frequently distinguished a new and very beautiful species of iris. The bottom of the valley is of a very broken surface, though its inequalities are hardly distinguishable from the heights above. You are incessantly ascending the sides of one hollow, or descending another; and crossing in each a lively mountain stream, in the full eagerness of its course to the sea. The immediate scenes that open at every step in treading these sylvan intricacies, are often quite perfect in the richness and wildness of their composition; but to complete the enchantment of the picture, there are always the mountains, rearing their dark steep slopes as a magnificent background; and the ocean, of whose bright expanse we continually get glimpses through the opening of the valleys below.

"A beautiful sunny morning. We took a ride towards the Mount Church by the direct



travelling from hence to Larissa; they are friends to the Sublime Porte, and attached to the interests of our family. I entreat you to receive them courteously, and to supply them with every requisite for the successful prosecution of their tour; for I regard them as my most esteemed friends. I salute you tenderly. The vizier was reclining, after the manner of the Orientals, at the upper end of a sumptuous apartment; the officers of his household, and others his ministers and attendants, stood at some little distance, forming a circle in front. He received us with a refined and polished cordiality; and expressed, in very emphatic terms, his respect for the English nation. Having inquired what were the immediate objects of our attention, he pressed us warmly to change our residence at Larissa for apartments at this place, and testified a strong desire to contribute, in any way we might suggest, to the accomplishment of our wishes. He then pronounced a fervid eulogium on the laws and constitution of England, and on the habits and character of the people; inquired to which chamber of parliament my father belonged; and drew a contrast between the state of barbarism so generally prevalent throughout the Grecian peninsula before its reduction by Ali Pasha, and the incipient civilisation and security which resulted from the establishment of that chief's authority. He spoke with much gratification of the visits he had received from Mr. North, Lord Sligo, and Lord Byron, for all of whom he expressed a personal regard; and, adverting to the social intercourse which exists in Christian states, *lamented that the restrictions of his own country did not allow him to introduce us to any female society!* On this subject he very pointedly expressed his regret more than once. He certainly appears to entertain far juster sentiments of the *divinity of the beam* than what are professed by the generality of his countrymen, who usually consider a pretty woman as a mere passive instrument of pleasure, or, at best, as a lovely trifle, to be thrown aside and neglected, like other beautiful objects, as soon as the bright hue which first attracted attention shall have lost its gloss. Veli, on the contrary, seems desirous to procure for the female character a moral estimation; and while he worships with idolatrous devotion at the shrine of beauty, would do homage to the mental graces by which it is illustrated. In the intervals of conversation, the usual refreshments were served, and pipes, seven or eight feet in length, brought ready lighted for our use. After several unsuccessful efforts to manage my unwieldy instrument, the pasha very good-humouredly desired me to desist from so hopeless an undertaking, and almost immediately ceased using his own. Throughout the whole of our interview he preserved an air of easy dignity; his manners were natural, unaffected, and graceful."

But truly all these men and things have passed away. Who cares now for the petty bore-stringed despot who flourished in a barbarous corner some years ago? No matter if the whole race of tyrannic slaves were destroyed and never mentioned more.

*Two Years in Ava.* By an Officer on the Staff. (Second notice: conclusion.)

AT the close of the war, (as related in our last Gazette,) Gen. Campbell being desirous to ascertain the more direct route into Ava by Arracan, in the event of future hostilities, despatched a portion of his force to return across the mountains by Aeng. The

narrative of this march contains more novelty than any other portion of the volume, as a few further extracts (with which we conclude) will shew.

"We halted at Kwensah, near the Mine river, a stream of considerable magnitude; and here we for the last time saw the plains of Ava: before us lay wild jungle and forests, and in the distance the blue summits of the Arracan mountains were indistinctly visible. \* \* \*

"Emerging from the jungle on the summit of a steep ghaat, we, at a mile distance, perceived the Shoechatoh. Built on the peak of a very high and rugged hill, the pagoda and its kioums seemed a delightful spot when compared with the bold but arid scenery around. At the foot of the hills the Mine river wound about in the most circuitous manner, and enriched a little verdant space of ground, where a village formerly stood—the only spot where any thing like vegetation could be seen, and where we consequently pitched our camp. The Shoechatoh is held in the greatest veneration by the Buddhists, as containing the impression of Gaudma's feet—one on the summit, the other at the base of the hill. These are railed in, and covered over by splendidly gilt and carved temples, attended by numerous poonghis, who inhabit the kioums at the side and foot of the hill. Pilgrims from every part of the empire flock here to offer up their prayers; and, as our party entered the valley, the repeated tolling of the bells indicated that some suppliant was on the point of proffering his request to the deity. The Burman government derives some profit from the Shoechatoh, by exacting a tax from the richer class of devotees, of from twenty to fifty rupees, according to their rank, and they are then allowed to pray within the railing which surrounds the foot. No tax is levied on those suppliants who content themselves with prayers outside the railing; but none are admitted within the sacred precincts without paying the fine. The ascent to the temple is by means of nine hundred and seventy stone steps, covered from the weather by a wooden roof, supported by numerous pillars.

"Napeh Mew seemed a very pretty and neat town, though of but inconsiderable size: but all the houses bore the appearance of cleanliness and comfort; and as we marched through the street, the inhabitants assembled in groups at their doors to view the English strangers. It is situated on a rising ground, commanding the whole plain, and rendering it a good military position. An old teak-wood stockade encircled the town, and other works had existed outside, which, until lately, had been occupied by a body of three thousand men, levied in the neighbouring district, and forming a corps of observation. After the capture of Melloon this force broke up, part returning to its own districts, and the remainder joining the Naiwoon Baren's army at Pagahm Mew. Napeh Mew is the last Burman town or village towards the mountains: a few hamlets exist farther on, but are inhabited by those Kieans who have placed themselves under the protection of the Burman government. \* \* \*

"The men, though a hardy athletic race, are inferior in stature to the Burmahs; and their countenances, though fair, are far from handsome. The dress also differs, and is exceedingly plain; a black cotton cloth tied round the middle, and another of the same colour striped with red and white thrown over the shoulders, with a red handkerchief bound round the head, comprises the whole costume of the men: whilst that of the females is still

more simple, and consists of merely a plain black frock reaching to the knees, with loose sleeves; their long black hair is fastened with a handkerchief, and the wrists and neck are adorned with bracelets and necklaces of beads. The young women are mostly pretty; but their ideas of beauty and ours being rather at variance, they try to improve their appearance by a most curious process. This is tattooing their faces with blue lines, describing segments of circles; and the neck being left untouched gives them the semblance of wearing masks, were it not that the deadly appearance of the white space left round the eyes, and the livid colour of their lips, indicated the transformation to be indelible. The Kieans inhabit solely the mountain districts; and availing themselves of every little fertile patch of ground, cultivate rice and grain, and, like the Carians of Pegue, are principally devoted to agriculture. The men employ themselves in tilling the ground, hunting, and catching fish, which they afterwards dry as a resource for their families; whilst the women perform all the household drudgery, such as pounding rice, fetching water, and making garments for themselves and husbands, from the cotton growing wild in the mountains.

"The origin of the Kieans is lost in fiction: and of their early history the present race know little, except by vague tradition, which states them in former days to have been the possessors of the plains of Ava and Pegue, until a horde of Tartars, from the North, made an irruption into their territory, and settled there, under the authority of the Kiean king. In the course of time, the strangers became very powerful, and having elected a sovereign among themselves, threw off the yoke of the Kiean king, declared their chief supreme, and asserted, at the same time, that 'it was incompatible with nature to have two kings and two races of people in one land.' Seizing then the Kiean chieftains who disputed his authority, the new king put them to death, and prescribing their friends and followers, left them no alternative but flight or submission to his authority. In consequence of this tyrannical conduct, the Kiean chieftains, preferring a free life in a strange land to slavery in their own country, collected all their followers and herds of cattle, in which their principal wealth consisted; and taking advantage of the first opportunity of escaping, regained their independence by taking refuge in the lofty remote mountains on the frontiers of China, Siam, and Arracan, where they considered themselves safe from the persecutions of their powerful neighbours. With them fled some members of their former royal family; but in the course of time, deaths and frequent changes of residence destroyed all traces of them, and the Kieans of this part of the country know not whether the descendants of their ancient princes still exist. Divested as they were of a common head, under whom they might rally, the inhabitants of each village selected from amongst themselves one who, either from age or experience, was deemed worthy to be their chief; and in this independent state they have since continued, each little community considering itself perfectly distinct from those adjoining. These small republics have since resisted all attempts at much intercourse with the adjoining nations, and have preserved, unsullied, their innate love of liberty and independence. Repeated efforts have been made by the Burmahs to reduce the mountaineers under their sway, but without any lasting success, though it would appear that, at a very distant period



back, the Kieans had been obliged to pay tribute. It is related, that shortly after the expulsion of the Kieans from the plains, the despotic sovereigns of Ava demanded an annual tribute from the persecuted mountaineers, who, when unable to comply with the demand, were forced to deliver all the pretty women of their families into the hands of the tyrant's satellites, by whom they were carried to court, and then selected to adorn the seraglio of the king. To such an excess was this at last carried, that the Kieans, in order to save their race from extermination, persuaded all the nubile women to sacrifice their beauty at the altar of freedom, an act which they cheerfully complied with; and tattooing their faces in the manner before described, rendered themselves so hideous, that the monarch was quite disgusted, and directed others to be sought for; when none but children could be found who had not undergone this operation. Foiled in his endeavours to transport the mountain beauties to his harem, the Tartar dropped the practice; and the necessity for tattooing no longer existing, that custom is now optional, and seldom undergone by the women until they are twenty-five or thirty years of age. Only one trace of supreme authority still exists among the Kieans, and this in the person of the Passine, or head of their religion.

"The tenets of the Kiean faith are most simple, and of the supreme Deity they appear to have no conception; for to my question on the subject, my informer answered, that they were the offspring of the mountains and of nature; and nature alone appears to have any claims on their feelings. A thick bushy tree, bearing a small berry, by the Burmahs called subri, is the principal object of their adoration. Under its shady branches they at certain seasons of the year assemble with their families, and offer up sacrifices of pigs, oxen, and grain, on which they afterwards revel. Their cattle of every kind accompany them during these excursions, and participate in the devotion offered to the tree; the principle of the Kiean religion being to adore every thing that is of use, or conduces to the luxuries of life. They also put implicit faith in the supernatural qualities of the Aërolite, which is considered a certain charm against every evil. Whenever a thunder-storm occurs, the Kieans search among the trees to find those which may have been scathed, or their branches broken by lightning. When one is discovered, they immediately commence digging underneath the broken branch in search of this stone, which they state to be about the size of a man's hand, and to have fallen from heaven; and if they are successful, a hog and a bullock are instantly sacrificed and devoured. The stone is then deposited with the Passine, who preserves the precious talisman with the greatest care. The Kieans have no idea how the world was formed, and their distinction between good and evil consists in supposing that those who honour and respect their parents, take care of their children and cattle, eat most meat, and drink spirits to the greatest excess, will be sure of being well provided for hereafter, by their souls entering the bodies of cows, oxen, or pigs; whereas those people whose sensual appetites are not so great, and do not enjoy to the utmost those benefits which are thrown in their way, will be disregarded and condemned. It is very singular that, though believing in the doctrine of transmigration, the Kieans should slay their cattle; but it appears that they cannot do so without previously obtaining the sanction of the Passine. When a Kiean dies, the event is hailed with

all the appearance of joy, and a large feast is given by his family, to which the villagers are invited, who demonstrate their affection for the deceased by eating, drinking, and dancing most immoderately. Should the defunct be a man of property, his body is burned, and the ashes being collected, are placed in a basket, and either taken to Yehaantoung or Keoungnatyne mountains, and buried there. The former mountain is held particularly sacred, and is so lofty, that, to use the words of the simple Kiean, who was giving me this information, from its summit the whole world can be seen. Over the tombs of the chieftains a shed is erected, and people are left to watch for some time, and keep it in repair: a log of wood, roughly shaped, and representing the figure of a man, is likewise placed there for the purpose of frightening away evil spirits. The poorer class of Kieans, if not in the immediate vicinity of Yehaantoung or Keoungnatyne, are buried any where. There exists no religious ceremony on the marriage of the Kieans. The contracting parties proceed in the first instance to the Passine, and ask his opinion of the match; if favourable, the bridegroom sends the parents of the damsel a pig, an ox, a spear, a tomtom, a dah, and some liquor distilled from rice: a grand feast winds up the ceremony, and the marriage is considered duly concluded. Should the lady after marriage prove false to the nuptial vows, and her paramour be discovered, he is obliged to present a hog, an ox, and a spear, to the injured husband, and a fine string of pearls to adorn the neck of the lady, who, after this peace-offering, is considered quite immaculate, and again admitted to the matrimonial couch, without her reputation being in the least degree tainted. A hog, a bullock, and a dinner, appear to be a sufficient palliative for any crime; for even should a girl be forcibly carried off, the perpetrator is exonerated on paying one bullock; and, in the event of her having a child, she has the option of taking the man as her husband: but if he refuses, a bullock is demanded from him, he takes charge of the infant, and the lady is restored to her fair fame. If a similar case occurs to the daughter of a chief, no less than three bullocks are the forfeit for the offence, and the same number if the man refuses reparation by marriage. A divorce is purchased at the expense of one bullock. In cases of murder, the delinquent is immediately arrested by the chief of the village, who obliges him to give up three of his friends or relations as slaves to the family of the deceased, or ransom them at the rate of thirty rupees each man. Thus human life by these savages is valued at the moderate sum of nine pounds. If the murderer is unable to pay the fine, or find sureties, he is himself kept as a slave; and if he absconds, and takes refuge in another village, the inhabitants of it, if ended with a proper sense of propriety, immediately send him back. Should they afford him protection, the injured villagers assemble their force, and attack that village which has received the murderer, who, when retaken, is then committed to slavery, it being expressly forbidden by the Passine to shed human blood. Thieving is not considered a very heinous crime; but should corn be purloined, the offender is obliged to purchase his own freedom, either by giving a man as a slave, or paying thirty rupees. The Kieans have no knowledge of medicine, and hold drugs in the greatest contempt. When a man or woman is taken ill, they are carried to the Passine, who recites incantations over them, and uses the Aërolite as a specific; previous to which, a feast is prepared for the Passine and his friends.

Although a pecuniary fine is often imposed by their rude legislature, it appears that silver is not procured in these mountains. Iron ore is found in considerable quantity, which they carry to the Burmahs, or Mugs, and exchange for the more precious metal. Wild honey, dried fish, caught in the mountain-torrents, and their coarsely-manufactured cloth, form their principal articles of trade; for which they receive in return salt, silver, and such food or clothing as their own fastnesses may have denied them. With the use of fire-arms the Kieans are unacquainted, and seem to hold them in great awe; their own weapons are the spear, the dah, and the cross-bow, with a quiver full of arrows. The latter are made of bamboo, with the point hardened in the fire, and doubly barbed: they are deeply poisoned, and the slightest touch inflicts instant death. This poison is vegetable, and procured by making an incision in the bark of certain trees, and collecting the liquor which exudes."

The author thus finishes this interesting part of his narrative:—

"We met with but little arduous difficulty, yet performed a march of one hundred and twenty-four miles from Pakangyeh, which had been supposed impracticable, in eleven days; and clearly pointed out that, had this road been examined, it would have been found that there was nothing to have prevented a portion of General Morrison's army from wintering in Ava, instead of perishing in the marshes of Arracan. The advantages of this fine road, leading, in twenty-five marches, from Aeng to Ava, more than counterbalance the fatigue and trouble likely to attend the passage of artillery over the mountains, where, in many places, from the great ascent, bullocks could be of no use in dragging the guns, which must, therefore, necessarily be pulled up by sheer strength of arm; and, for the same reason, it would be impossible to convey the stores in carts. That part of the road which requires most actual making, is for eight miles in the bed of the Mine river, where the annual torrents are constantly changing the position of the rocks and stones; but this could be remedied, in many places, by felling large trees, and with them forming an artificial road, the rocks answering as abutments. Some parts of this road among the mountains require widening; and it would be requisite to sink tanks at the springs, and cut paths to and from them: but, taking every thing into consideration, there is little doubt but that a battalion of pioneers, sent one week in advance, would render the Aeng road quite passable for an army."

#### *Memoirs of the Emperor Baber.*

[EARLY PERSIAN AND TURKI POETRY.]

HAVING been obliged, by the recent pressure of novelties, to abandon the characteristic Memoirs of the Emperor Baber without further analysis, (although they throw an uncommon light over the history and habits of a peculiar people and interesting period),—for the sake of diversifying our page, we shall this week make a sort of episode of the poetry which he has quoted or written. We are not able, of course, to give these specimens in their original form; and if we could, none of our readers (except, perhaps, three or four in this wide world) would understand them: yet, translated or merely alluded to, they strike us as being extremely curious, and, with the observations attached to them, well worth the few minutes' attention which it is our purpose to claim for them.

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Let us recall to our readers, that where we closed our last notice, Baber had gone with his maternal (Moghul) uncles to war against Shebani, Khan of the Usbeks.\* In the vicissitudes of Asiatic struggle (where a man is one day a fugitive, slave, or beggar for his life; and the next at the head of an army, a monarch, and dispensing life and death), it turned out that Shebani should be victorious. The Moghul Khans were defeated, and soon found death: Baber escaped,—he was only twenty-three years of age, and had won and lost kingdoms many times. We shall, anon, resume his adventurous military career till he became sovereign at Delhi! and, in the meantime, select from his whole chequered, poetical memorials the following specimens, not only as being characteristic of the age and country, but as often expressing fine thoughts.

Hassan Yakub Beg wrote these verses to "the Huma, a bird much celebrated in oriental poetry. It never alights on the ground; and it is believed that every head which it overshadows will one day wear a crown. The verses here quoted are written in the character of one in adversity, who had formerly indulged better hopes.

Return again, O Huma! for without the parrot down of thy cheek  
The crow will assuredly carry off my bones."

Ahmed Haji Beg is said to have been "no mean poet," and this is the proof cited:—  
"Let me alone to-day, my good judge, for I am tipsy: Call me to account some other time, when you catch me sober."

The next is also peculiarly national: "The date of his death is thus expressed in memorial verses:

Abdal-latif, who rivalled the pomp of Khosrou and Jemahl,  
Who was attended by crowds of courtiers like Feridun  
and Zerkhat,  
Was slain by Bala Hussain, one Friday night, with an arrow,  
And the date of the event is (Bald Hussain luhdt)—Bala Hussain slew him."

A prince of the name of Baiesanghar Mirza (before the end of the 15th century) is thus whimsically described:—"He was excessively addicted to wine; but during the times that he did not drink, was regular in the performance of his prayers. He was sufficiently generous and liberal. He wrote a fine Nastalik hand, and had considerable skill in painting. He was also a poet, and assumed the poetical name of Aidel. The poems were not so numerous as to be formed into a Diwan. The following verses are his:—(Persian.)

Like an unsubstantial shadow I fall here and there,  
And if not supported by the face of the wall, drop flat on the ground.

In Samarkand the odes (ghazels) of Baiesanghar Mirza are so popular, that there is not a house in which a copy of them may not be found."

We quote again:—"There is a saying, (Turki.)—He that does not seize what comes into his grasp, Must indulge his regret even to old age, and repine.

(Persian.)—Occasion must be leaped on when it offers; The doings of the indolent, out of season, are utterly worthless."

How often have we seen these sentiments turned, since, in other language! Again, Baber tells that he hurried without prudence to a battle, and says—

"He who with impatient haste lays his hand on his sword, Will afterwards gnaw that hand with his teeth from regret."

\* The Usbeks carried all before them for some years, till Ismail Shah, the founder of the new Persian dynasty, almost extirpated them; but Baber had then turned his ambition towards Hindostan, and left his native domains to the Persians as successors to the Usbeks.

† The numerical letters united make 354.

He has prodigious hatred to the Moghuls throughout, and thus "damns them to everlasting fame:—"

"If the Moghul race were a race of angels, it is a bad race; And were the name Moghul written in gold, it would be odious. Take care not to pluck one ear of corn from a Moghul's harvest: The Moghul seed is such that whatever is sowed with it is execrable."

In one of his marches, he relates the following:—

"Beneath Abburden is a spring, and close by the spring is a tomb. From this spring, towards the upland, the country belongs to Masikha, but downwards from the spring it depends on Yelghar. On a stone which is on the brink of this spring, on one of its sides, I caused the following verses to be inscribed:—

I have heard that the exalted Jemahl Inscribed on a stone beside a fountain, 'Many a man like us has rested by this fountain, And disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. Should we conquer the whole world by our manhood and strength, Yet could we not carry it with us to the grave.'

In this hill country, the practice of cutting verses and other inscriptions on the rocks is extremely common. While I was in Masikha, I had a visit from Mulla Hajari, the poet, who came from Hissar. At this time I composed the following Matla:—

(Turki.)—Whatever skill the painter employs in portraying your features, you exceed his art; They call you Soul; but of a truth you are more admirable than the soul."

We quote this, however, not merely for the poetry, but to shew what the common practice of the Asiatic monarchs, or chieftains, was. How many inscriptions, which have in our day puzzled travellers and antiquarians, are like those on the stone at the spring composed by Baber! There is a droll circumstance of poetic rivalry and criticism (very like what might occur between two modern bards) involved in the next extract. Baber was at the time a wanderer, and had taken refuge at the court of Tambol, a rather powerful Khan of Tashkend, when he says—

"I had composed the following rubai in a well-known measure, and was dubious about the correctness of its rhymes, as, at that time, I had not studied with much attention the style and phraseology of poetry. The Khan had pretensions to taste, and, moreover, wrote verses; though his odes, to be sure, were rather deficient both in manner and substance. I presented my rubai, however, to the Khan, and expressed to him my apprehensions, but did not get such an explicit or satisfactory answer as to remove my doubts. Indeed, it was pretty clear that he had no great skill in poetic diction. The following is the rubai or quatrain in question:—

(Turki.)—No one remembers him who is in adversity; A banished man cannot indulge his heart in happiness; My heart is far from joy in this exile; However brave, an exile has no pleasures.

I afterwards learned, however, that, in the Turki language, *te* and *dal*, as well as *ghain*, *kaf*, and *caif*, by a poetical license, are frequently interchanged for each other, for the sake of the rhyme."

This was in the very heat of struggles for dominion and life itself! and as the Khan was not over cordial, in consequence, our friend consoled himself with composing—

"I have found no faithful friend in the world but my soul; Except my own heart, I have no trusty confidant."

And as "two sovereigns in one country, or two generals in one army, are an unfailing

source of confusion and ruin," he quotes the Gulistan of Sadi—

"(Persian.)—Ten dervishes may repose on one cloak, But two sovereigns cannot be contained in the same climate. The man of God, when he eats half a loaf, Divides the other half among the poor and needy; If a king subdues a whole kingdom, may, a climate, Still, as before, he covets yet another."

Our next is peculiarly Asiatic: Baber has ascended the hill-country:

"Till this time I had never seen the star Soheil (Canopus), but on reaching the top of a hill, Soheil appeared below, bright to the south. I said, 'This cannot be Soheil!' They answered, 'It is indeed Soheil.' Baki Chaghanai recited the following verses:

O Soheil, how far dost thou shine, and where dost thou rise? Thine eye is an omen of good fortune to him on whom it falls.

The sun was a spear's length high when we reached the foot of the valley of Senjed, and alighted."

"There is a proverb, 'What is it enemies will not say? What is it dreams will not display?' (Persian.)—The gates of a city you may shut; You cannot shut the mouth of an enemy."

When Sultain Hussain Mirza (one of the greatest of the race of Chengis Khan) died, Baber, as usual, gives an account of his family, and, among the rest, says—

"The first wife whom he married was Begah Sultan Begum, the daughter of Senjer Mirza of Merv. By her he had Badia-uz-zaman Mirza. She was extremely cross-tempered, and fretted Sultan Hussain Mirza beyond endurance, till the Mirza, driven to extremities by her insufferable humour, divorced her. What could he do? The Mirza was in the right;

(Persian.)—A bad wife in a good man's house, Even in this world, makes a hell on earth.

May the Almighty remove such a visitation from every good Moslem! and God grant that such a thing as an ill-tempered, cross-grained wife, be not left in the world!"

Among his courtiers enumerated, is Sheikh-hem Beg, who "composed a sort of verses, in which both the words and sense are terrific, and corresponding with each other. The following is one of his couplets:—

'During my sorrows of the night, the whirlpool of my sighs bears the firmament from its place; The dragons of the inundation of my tears bear down the four quarters of the habitable world.'

It is well known that, on one occasion, having repeated these verses to Moulana Abdal Rah-man Jami, the Malla said, 'Are you repeating poetry, or terrifying folks?'

No bad hint for later writers! Our remaining quotations (called for by various occasions) are quite miscellaneous. Baber had taken some prisoners: and records, from Sadi—

"It was my intention to have put them to death with torture at our halting-ground, as an example and terror to all rebels and robbers; but Kasim Beg happening to meet them, was filled with unseasonable commiseration, and let them go:

To do good to the bad, is the same thing As to do evil to the good! Salt\* ground does not produce spikeard; Do not throw away good seed on it."

"In the spring, the country about Baran, the plain of Chastubeh, and the low country of Gulbehâr, is excessively pleasant. Its verdure is much superior to that of any place in Kâbul. It abounds with tulips of various species. I

\* This is an early argument against the use of salt as a manure; though the Drowitch Company has offered a reward of fifty pounds for the best Essay to prove it.

once desired the different kinds to be counted, and they brought me in thirty-four sorts. I wrote some verses in praise of the district:

(Turki).—Its verdure and flowers render Kābul, in spring, a heaven!  
But above all, the spring of Dārān and of Gul-behār is enchanting.

In this same tour I finished the ghazal, which begins thus:—

(Turki).—My heart is like a rose-bud, spotted with blood:  
Were there a hundred thousand springs, the  
rose-bud of my heart can never bloom.\*

In truth, few places can be compared to these in the spring, either for beauty of prospect, or for the amusement of hawking.

Bāber is now getting rather old, and much addicted to wine:—

"There happened to be in the boat a good many men who wrote verses, such as Sheikh Abul Wajid, Sheikh Zin, Mulla Ali Jan, Terdi Beg Khaksar, and several others. During the party, the following verse of Muhammad Salikh was repeated:—

(Persian).—What can one do to regulate his thoughts with a mistress possessed of every blandishment?  
Where you are, how is it possible for our thoughts to wander to another?

It was agreed that every one should make an extempore couplet to the same rhyme and measure. Every one accordingly repeated his verse. As we had been very merry at Mulla Ali Jan's expense, I repeated the following extempore satirical verses:—

What can one do with a drunken sot like you?  
What can be done with one foolish as a she-ass?†

Before this, whatever had come into my head, good or bad, in sport or jest, if I had turned it into verse for amusement, how bad or contemptible soever the poetry might be, I had always committed it to writing. On the present occasion, when I had composed these lines, my mind led me to reflections, and my heart was struck with regret, that a tongue which could repeat the sublimest productions, should bestow any trouble on such unworthy verses; that it was melancholy that a heart elevated to nobler conceptions, should submit to occupy itself with these meaner and despicable fancies. From that time forward I religiously abstained from satirical or vituperative poetry. At the time of repeating this couplet I had not formed my resolution, nor considered how objectionable the practice was. A day or two after, when we halted at Bekrām, I had a defluxion and fever; the defluxion was attended with a cough, and every time that I coughed I brought up blood. I knew whence this indisposition proceeded, and what conduct had brought on this chastisement.

(Arabic).—Then every one who falls and breaks his promise, that promise avenges its breach on his life; and he who adheres to his promises to God, God bestows on him boundless blessings.

(Turki).—What can I do with you, O my tongue?  
On your account I am covered with blood within:

How long, in this strain of satire, will you delight to compose verses,  
One of which is impure, and another lying?  
If you say, let me not suffer from this crime,—  
Then turn your reins, and shun the field.

(Arabic).—O my Creator! I have tyrannised over my soul; and, if Thou art not bountiful unto me, of a truth I shall be of the number of the accursed.

I now once more composed myself to penitence and self-control; I resolved to abstain from this kind of idle thoughts, and from such unsuitable amusements, and to break my pen.

"On Monday, the 23d of the first Jemādi, I had mounted to survey my posts, and, in the

course of my ride, was seriously struck with the reflection that I had always resolved, one time or another, to make an effectual repentance, and that some traces of a hankering after the renunciation of forbidden works had ever remained in my heart. I said to myself, O, my soul!

(Persian).—How long wilt thou continue to take pleasure in sin?

Repentance is not unpalatable—taste it.  
(Turki).—How great has been thy defilement from sin!  
How much pleasure thou didst take in despair!  
How long hast thou been the slave of thy passions!

How much of thy life hast thou thrown away!  
Since thou hast set out on a Holy War,  
Thou hast seen death before thine eyes for thy salvation.

He who resolves to sacrifice his life to save himself,  
Shall attain that exalted state which thou knowest.

Keep thyself far away from all forbidden enjoyments;  
Cleanse thyself from all thy sins.

Having withdrawn myself from such temptations,  
I vowed never more to drink wine.

Having sent for the gold and silver goblets and cups, with all the other utensils used for drinking parties, I directed them to be broken, and renounced the use of wine, purifying my mind. The fragments of the goblets and other utensils of gold and silver, I directed to be divided among dervishes and the poor. The first person who followed me in my repentance was Asas, who also accompanied me in my resolution of ceasing to cut the beard, and of allowing it to grow. That night and the following, numbers of amirs and courtiers, soldiers and persons not in the service, to the number of nearly three hundred men, made vows of reformation. The wine which we had with us we poured on the ground. I ordered that the wine brought by Bāba Doat should have salt thrown into it, that it might be made into vinegar. On the spot where the wine had been poured out, I directed a wāin to be sunk and built of stone, and close by the wāin an alms-house to be erected.

"How much better is it to die with honour than to live with infamy!

With fame, even if I die, I am contented;  
Let fame be mine, since my body is Death's."—(Ferdusi.)

When ill:—

"Every day a severe fever hangs on my body,  
And at night slumber flies from my eyelids;  
These two are like my grief and my patience;  
Till my last hour, the former goes on increasing as the other diminishes."

"In a letter which I wrote to Abdalla, I mentioned that I had much difficulty in reconciling myself to the desert of penitence; but that I had resolution enough to persevere,—

(Turki).—I am distressed since I renounced wine:  
I am confounded and unfit for business,—  
Regret leads me to penitence,  
Penitence leads me to regret.

I remember an anecdote of Bināi. He was one day sitting by Mir Ali Shir, and had said something witty. Mir Ali Shir, who had on a vest with rich buttons, said, 'The witticism is excellent; I would give you my vest were it not for the buttons.' Bināi answered, 'Why should the buttons hinder it? I fear the button-holes are the impediment.' The truth of the anecdote must rest with him that told it me. Excuse me for deviating into these fooleries. For God's sake do not think amiss of me for them. I wrote last year the tetrastich which I have quoted; and, indeed, last year my desire and longing for wine and social parties were beyond measure excessive; it even came to such a length, that I have

found myself shedding tears from vexation and disappointment. In the present year, praise be to God, these troubles are over, and I ascribe them chiefly to the occupation afforded to my mind by a poetical translation, on which I have employed myself. Let me advise you, too, to adopt a life of abstinence. Social parties and wine are pleasant in company with our jolly friends and old boon companions. But with whom can you enjoy the social cup? With whom can you indulge in the pleasures of wine? If you have only Shir Ahmed and Haider Kāli for the companions of your gay hours and jovial goblet, you can surely find no great difficulty in consenting to the sacrifice."

With this admirable advice of the old monarch we conclude, trusting that the cents we have made will be relished, not only as curious in itself, but as containing hints for which some of our poetical readers may hereafter thank us. We could dilate upon every quotation, but would rather leave the whole to the sense and feeling of those who think it worth while to think about the compositions of Bāber, his contemporaries, and predecessors in Asia.

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

##### Foreign Quarterly Review.

IN continuation of what we said lately regarding the New Quarterly Review of Foreign Literature, we are now happy to inform our readers, that having seen an early copy of the first Number, we are able to speak more confidently in approbation of the work. This Number promises well; and by active exertion on the part of the editors, we have little hesitation in saying that it will not only supply a great deficiency in our literature, but also become eminently popular. We therefore hail this foreign reviewer as a worthy fellow-labourer in that field which, we flatter ourselves, we have for some time cultivated (though only partially with regard to continental literature), to the edification of the public.

In several of the papers here presented to us, we think we can unequivocally recognise the style of those well-known and highly eminent authors to whom we before alluded as being engaged in support of the undertaking. We might instance particularly the masterly article, "on the dominion of the Arabs in Spain," that "on the supernatural in works of fiction," and the brief but well-written review of Bernard "on the influence of civilisation on public health;" while that "on Manzoni's Italian plays" affords one of the best essays on the old question between romantic writers and the French advocates for Aristotelian unities, that has ever appeared.

*Treatment of the more Protracted Cases of Indigestion.* By A. W. Philip, M.D. pp. 86. London, 1827. Underwoods.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" The present little treatise of Dr. Philip appears to have been called into existence by some shades of difference between Dr. Paris (in his able work on Diet) and the author, as to the proximate sources of indigestion. So far, however, as we can judge, the observations of Dr. Paris are more especially directed to the *prevention*, while Dr. Philip's object is that of pointing out the most eligible means of *cure*, in the several forms of this complicated class of diseases. Patients labouring under dyspepsia in its advanced stages will therefore probably feel indebted to Dr. Philip for the additional light he has thrown on the subject.

\* These words are in the original in rhyme measure, &c., a perfect parody on the preceding.

† The Turki word signifies not only button-holes, but *negatives and impurities*.



## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, July 20.

As I predicted, Scott's Napoleon has created a strong sensation, and is attacked by all parties; and the slightest errors in the work are seized with avidity. Some declare that Sir Walter has not done justice to the character of Napoleon, others blame him for having, on the authority of Las Casas, given Napoleon credit for a virtue he did not possess. He was, they say, never affected at the sight of a field of battle, and galloped with the most careless indifference over the dead and dying. On the contrary, the sight gave him pleasure, for he merely viewed it in its political results. After the battle of Austerlitz, he rode over the field with one of his marshals: upwards of fifty thousand bodies were lying on the ground: Buonaparte, instead of expressing any sympathy for their fate, gaily exclaimed, *Eh bien! M. le Maréchal, il y a eu une grande consommation aujourd'hui*. The documents relative to the 18th Brumaire are, I think, imperfect. The truth is, that the conduct of Bernadotte was noble and spirited in the extreme. When Buonaparte told him he was a prisoner,—"A prisoner!" he exclaimed, with an insulting sneer, "not one amongst you dare attempt to make me a prisoner; and you," looking sternly at Buonaparte, "dare not even order it!" Buonaparte turned pale, and faltered, "I will take your word of honour!"—"Which I will not give you." Had Bernadotte been seconded, Buonaparte would the next day have been shot as a traitor.

As the French are preparing abundant materials for a second edition, Sir Walter will no doubt profit by them.

M. Comte's work on the History of the National Guard appeared on the 14th instant, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. It is full of curious research. The establishment of the censorship of the press has called forth the pen of the *Giraffa*, who seems much better informed of the state of politics in France than most Frenchmen. Her style, manner, and thoughts, are those of Mr. Salvandy; and the question has been put to the Professors of Natural History and the French Academy, to ascertain whether it is most proper to say Mr. Salvandy writes like an animal, or an animal writes like Mr. Salvandy. Be this as it may, certain it is, that writing animals have greatly degenerated since the days of *Æsop*, for then truth was sacred in their lips, which we cannot say of the *Giraffa*, who at every page, like the advocate of a bad cause, distorts the truth whenever it answers her purpose: but we must forgive her, on account of her youth and anxiety to give her quondam master, the Pacha of Egypt, all the news.

Much has been said and written on the liberty of the press, but much remains yet to be explained. One of the first questions to be solved is,—Does the merely having learnt to write confer on any one a right not possessed by others? Every scribbler in a newspaper fancies himself a statesman, and imagines he has the right to lash with impunity every man in power who presumes to think differently from himself. The censorship is a mere bugbear; if the censors kick an article out at the door, it comes in at the window: and a pamphlet, as the letter of the *Giraffa* proves, boldly publishes all that had been refused to the periodical press.

M. Cuvier read on Monday, at the Academy of Sciences, an interesting paper on the different kinds of fossil remains found in the same caverns, of which many examples have been

discovered in England, Wales, France, and Germany. M. C. fancies they must have long sojourned together, and not that the tame animals had been dragged into the caves by the beasts of prey. We agree with him on the latter point; but as history does not tell us of any age in which the lion and the lamb lay down together, it is evident another solution must be sought, and a very natural one presents itself, which we recommend to the consideration of geologists. On the deluge commencing, the animals naturally fled for safety, and this sentiment may easily be considered paramount to any sense of danger from each other; they might all flee in one direction, and seek shelter in the same cavern, which soon became their common grave.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR JULY, AND CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

THE intelligence from all parts of the country represents the hay crop as good, and got in in the best order; and the prospect of an abundant harvest, turnip crop, fruit, hops, potatoes, sheep, and cattle, as highly flattering. Instead therefore of satiating our readers by echoing this picture with its usual variations, we shall call their attention to the Botanic Garden at Chelsea, in which they will find, till the middle of August, something in the agricultural way well worth going to see. This is an exhibition of 330 different sorts of wheat, raised from seeds collected on the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea, Adriatic Gulf, and the Caspian Sea, by Professor Don Moriana La Gasca, formerly of the University of Madrid, but now one of the unfortunate emigrants from the Peninsula. Besides all these sorts of wheat, there are also in the Chelsea Garden forty distinct sorts of oats, and eighteen sorts of barley, raised from seeds, collected in the same places, by the same indefatigable botanist. Such a collection of cereal grasses never was before exhibited in this country in a living state; and as they will all ripen seeds, if due advantage is taken of that circumstance, the ultimate gain to the country may be considerable. What we strongly recommend is, that the principal botanic gardens of the country should write to Mr. La Gasca for a few seeds of each variety; and after raising these at Hull, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Cork, &c., the curators of these gardens should distribute their produce among such private gentlemen, and such only, as will engage that their gardeners shall sow the seeds with proper care, and by repeated division of the plants, transplantation, and resowing, raise, in two years, a sufficient quantity of each sort to sow an acre; that they shall then sow this acre of each sort on their estate, and submit the whole to the inspection of all the farmers in the surrounding country. Perhaps it would be too much to expect that many country gentlemen would be found, who would devote 388 acres to as many different sorts of grain; but it will be enough if there are half-a-dozen such in the United Kingdom. We must not forget that there are in England such men as Coke, Bedford, Althorpe, the Duke of Portland, and Curwen; in Scotland there is Mr. Rennie; and happily there are some Englishmen who have estates in Ireland. The expense of raising 388 acres of as many different sorts of grain, to gentlemen who already have the regular garden and farm establishments belonging to a large estate, would be very trifling, and would be limited to the additional labour required to

keep so many different sorts distinct and separate. As there can be little doubt some of the sorts would prove to be of superior excellence, the sale, at an extra price, of the produce of one single acre of such sort, would more than defray the extra expense attending all the other 387 acres. Indeed, we have no hesitation in stating it as our opinion, that a spirited rent-paying farmer, with a thousand acres under the plough, would be amply repaid by undertaking to raise an acre of each of Mr. La Gasca's 388 sorts as a commercial speculation. At all events, we sincerely hope the present opportunity of improving the cereal grasses of the country, will not be neglected by those eminent agriculturists whom patriotism, as well as self-interest, ought to engage in experimenting with them.

## GARDENING REPORT FOR JULY, AND CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

THE weather during the two months last past has been highly favourable to the growth of plants, and the maturing of the fruits of the season. The recent rains will set at rest any fears that may have existed as to a protracted drought; a feature which generally occurs once in every British summer, but which, to all appearance, will be wanting to that of 1817. Perhaps, however, we should except the country about Nottingham, where, according to a letter in this day's *Times* (July 24th), there has not been a hearty shower for two years.

The crop of strawberries has been remarkably good this season, and some fine opportunities have been afforded of comparing the productiveness and flavour of the different sorts in the Horticultural Society's Garden, and at their meetings in Regent Street. The same may be said as to raspberries and gooseberries. There has been a remarkably fine bloom of American plants in the gardens about London, and in the American nurseries at Slough, Woking, and Glazenwood. This is in consequence of the dry, warm weather of the preceding summer having ripened the wood, and checked its luxuriance, thereby throwing the buds into embryo blossoms instead of embryo leaves.

The most remarkable garden operations at present going on in the neighbourhood of London, are at Sion, the Duke of Northumberland's, where the kitchen garden has been remodelled, and the most complete range of forcing houses in the kingdom erected;—and where a range of botanical hothouses is in contemplation, such as never yet has been put in execution. We speak not of mere extent, for if that were every thing, we shall not soon in this country surpass the gardens of Prince Potemkin, Count Razumowsky, and the Emperor of Russia; but the design, taste, contrivance, material, and workmanship, are the properties to which we allude,—and these, coupled also with considerable extent, constitute the superiority. It is gratifying to find that there are noblemen who have the taste, the spirit, and the means, to command such improvements.

The labours of the gardener for August are chiefly of the routine kind;—killing weeds and gathering crops. Cherries should, if possible, be pruned in July or the beginning of August, as at any other period of the year they are apt to exude gum to such an extent as, to prevent the wound from healing over. Indeed, every description of tree may be advantageously pruned at this season, and if the shoots cut off are not large, the wounds will close before winter. Main crops of turnips and

winter cabbages must not be forgotten at this season; and we have, in a former *Literary Gazette*, recommended taking up potatoes intended for seed before they are ripe.

#### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR AUGUST.

8th day. The sun enters the zodiacal constellation Leo, and the earth advances towards Aquarius: the arctic regions of the globe are retreating from the enlightened hemisphere, and verging to that position when the days and nights will be equal.

#### Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

○ Full Moon, in Capricornus . . .	D. H. M.	
○ Last Quarter, in Aries . . .	13 23 48	
● New Moon, in Leo . . .	22 2 31	
○ First Quarter in Scorpio . . .	29 9 21	

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D. H. M.	
♄ Saturn in Gemini . . .	18 14 30	
♀ Mercury in Cancer . . .	30 33 30	
♂ Mars in Cancer . . .	31 0 48	
♀ Venus in Cancer . . .	31 0 48	
♃ Jupiter in Virgo . . .	25 13 45	

From this it appears that the Moon, Mercury, Venus, and Mars, will be in conjunction nearly at the same time,—the planets north of the moon. Surely this interesting meeting of the goddess of beauty and god of war with their swift messenger and the queen of night, must indicate something exceedingly momentous to those who, aided by the skill of astrological professors, seek to dive into futurity: but, as Hudibras says,

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated, as to cheat;  
As those receive the most delight  
Who least perceive a juggler's sleight;  
And still the less they understand,  
The more admire the sleight of hand."

This conjunction of the Moon and planets can be seen by those possessed of telescopes of sufficient excellence to view the planets in the day-time.

12th day, 13 hrs. 15 min. Mercury in his inferior conjunction, passing between four and five degrees south of the sun. 22d day. Stationary. 31st day. At his greatest elongation, and visible as a morning star.

15th day, 19 hrs. Venus in conjunction with ♄ Canceri. 21st day, 3 hrs. With Mars. 27th day. In perihelion. 30th day, 19 hrs. In conjunction with Regulus in Leo.

6th day, 23 hrs. Mars in conjunction with ♄ Canceri.

Jupiter is approaching the solar rays, and the eclipses of his satellites, though numerous, will none of them be visible.

Saturn is gradually gliding into view, and visible a short time before sunrise. 22d day, 15 hrs. In conjunction with ♊ Geminorum. An excellent opportunity occurred of comparing the colour of this planet with that of Venus, when in conjunction, on the morning of Thursday (three hours) of the present week,—they were only 24' distant from each other, and both in the field of view. Saturn has usually been represented as of a pale leaden hue, but in the present instance, as seen in connexion with the brilliant whiteness of Venus, the planet Saturn appeared most certainly of a faint copperish colour.

Uranus is the most interesting planetary body that is satisfactorily visible before midnight, and passes the meridian at the following times respectively:

D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.
1 11 6	11 10 25	21 9 43

Soon after midnight we behold the harbinger of the approaching autumn and declining year: those brilliant constellations which glitter in the winter's sky, are emerging from the

solar rays, and though shining with a faint and subdued light, raise in the mind those peculiar feelings which are inseparably connected with that dreary yet social season. Already we perceive that Aries has attained considerable elevation, and is the precursor of the Hyades and Pleiades, and these lead the way to the ascending Orion; while declining in the west are those constellations, towards which the sun is proceeding, his entry into which is fabled by the ancients to be attended with disease and death.

Thursday morning, 4 hrs. 30 min. Several spots of considerable magnitude are entering on the solar disc, and will for several days afford an opportunity for examination.

J. T. B.

#### Deptford.

THE CAMELOPARD.—Hitherto, natural historians have committed the same error with respect to the camelopard that they have committed with respect to the rhinoceros, the elephant, and other large animals; namely, the error of recognising only one species. The camelopard now at the Museum at Paris differs in so many essential anatomical characters from the kind at the Cape, that it cannot be doubted that there are at least two kinds. The new one is called the Senaar camelopard, from the name of the country where it lived. A curious circumstance recently happened with reference to it. Some Egyptians going to see it in the dress of their country, the animal gave evident signs of joy, and loaded them with caresses. This fact is explained by the lively affection which the camelopard entertains for the Arab to whose care it is intrusted; and it was therefore naturally rejoiced at the sight of the turban and costume worn by its keeper. M. Mongez has been reading at the Académie des Sciences a paper tracing the natural history of the camelopard, from the testimony of writers who have spoken of it, either as having themselves seen the animal, or as having long lived with persons who were acquainted with and had observed it. He points out Moses as the most ancient writer who has mentioned the camelopard; expresses his astonishment at the silence of Aristotle respecting it, and concludes from that silence, not only that the camelopard was at that time unknown to the Greeks, but even that it did not exist in Egypt, as, otherwise, Aristotle, who travelled into that country, could not have failed to remark it. The first living camelopard that appears to have been seen in Europe, was in the time of Julius Caesar, the year 708 of the Roman era. After that period, it was introduced into Rome by the emperors on various occasions; sometimes in the games of the circus, sometimes in the triumphs over the African princes. Albert the Great, in his treatise *De Animalibus*, is the first writer of modern times who speaks of the camelopard. In 1486, one of the Medici possessed one at Florence, which lived there for some time. It appears that the camelopard is sometimes a very savage animal; and it is supposed that the difference in its character arises from a difference in its education and treatment.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—As we intimated, at the time Sir Humphrey Davy went abroad, that gentleman has resigned his office of President of the Royal Society. Mr. Peel and Mr. Davies Gilbert are severally spoken of as his probable successors. It is very desirable that such an institution should have at its head an indivi-

dual not only of scientific acquirements, but of ample means and a disposition to attract around him the most distinguished characters, whether native or foreign, by whom the interests of literature and science can be promoted.

#### FINE ARTS.

BRITISH ARTISTS.—At the close of the Exhibition of British Artists for the season, we are rejoiced to state, that the sale of their productions was not only more numerous than on the preceding year, but that the proceeds amounted to more than 3000*l*. Many distinguished patrons of the arts were among the purchasers; and the Institution may fairly be considered as an established and improving undertaking.

MR. HAYDON.—On Monday a meeting of the friends of Mr. Haydon the painter took place, when the unfortunate situation of that distinguished artist was explained by Mr. John Ilderton Burn, and a subscription was entered upon to extricate him from his difficulties. He seems to have been much the victim of some pettifogging attorneys, and was indeed in prison at the suit of a member of that profession. Nearly 200*l*. has been subscribed; but a much larger sum is requisite for the effectual relief of Mr. Haydon.

LE PETIT LOUVRE.—Under this name an Exhibition has been opened in Regent Street. It consists of original drawings from the pictures in the Louvre during the splendid period of that gallery in the time of Buonaparte, when it was enriched by the spoils of Europe. We cannot say, however, that this show is much superior to a book of engravings.

THE FINE ARTS.—It is mentioned in some of the newspapers that a plan has been projected, and received the royal countenance, for a series of engravings, by artists of the foremost abilities, from the pictures in the National Gallery. There is some turmoil in the business about their being their own publishers; but as we are unacquainted with the questions at issue between engravers and print publishers, we abstain from offering any opinion on this matter. We lately noticed a capital engraving by M. Vendramini, from the Sebastian del Piombo, already in a state of great forwardness: this may perhaps have suggested the present proposal.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

John Kemble as Hamlet. Painted by Sir T. Lawrence; engraved on Steel by H. Dawe. J. Bulcock.

A full-length portrait from the picture belonging to his Majesty. It does not strike us as being so forcible a likeness, as it is an interesting one, of the celebrated actor, whose like we shall seldom if ever look upon again. The lights are rather patchy; but the whole is ably executed by the engraver. The head is about a ninth part of the figure.

The Painter: the Sculptor. Watteau; engraved by Romney. J. Bulcock.

Two whimsical little pieces, in which the artist has put monkeys in the character of a painter at his easel, in a most sentimental position, and a sculptor hammering away with fury at a bust. We must say that we have seen in our time uglier-looking fellows than these at work both upon canvass and marble; but we mean no reflection on any member of either profession.

*The History and Antiquities of the Chapel at Lulen Park; a Seat of the most Noble the Marquess of Bute.* By H. Shaw. Part I. Carpenter and Son.

THIS fine chapel, of the time of Henry VIII., is said to be one of the most splendid examples of private ecclesiastical architecture now extant in the country; and Mr. Shaw has most carefully and skilfully preserved in this Part some of its very curious and beautiful details. Twenty plates are to complete the design, and there are five in this Number. The carved oak of the ceiling is particularly fine; and the pulpit and clerk's desk of a very elegant construction. The work seems well calculated to please both the antiquary and the architect.

*John Wingfield, D.D., Prebendary of Worcester, and late Head Master of Westminster School.* Painted by J. Constable; engraved by W. Ward. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

Is a pleasing canonical portrait; no doubt welcome to the many persons who received education under the auspices of this learned and respectable divine.

*Hospital of St. Katherine.* A. Poynter, Architect. Engraved by G. Reeve. J. Taylor.

THIS pile of building does great credit to Mr. Poynter, and is one of the few architectural objects in the metropolis which can be viewed without feelings of wonder why they were erected. It is a fine feature in the Regent's Park, and well deserves a high eulogium from every person of taste and judgment.

*Cornwall and Devonshire Wrestling.* Drawn by A. Boy; engraved by G. Reeve. G. Tregear.

THIS is a coloured print, representing in a very characteristic style one of those athletic struggles so familiar to the lovers of English rustic sports. It seems to be a faithful transcript of the scene; and the ring is surrounded (we presume) with many portraits of well-known persons. At all events, they look like individual likenesses. Altogether it is a clever performance; and must, we think, be very popular with those classes who are fond of such recreations.

*John Poole, Esq.* Painted by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.; engraved by G. Clint, A.R.A. Thos. Lupton.

THIS excellent likeness of one of our most clever and successful dramatic writers may fairly be said to supply a public want. The art of Mr. Pickersgill has not failed to do justice to the intelligent traits of his original; and we have rarely seen a portrait so thoroughly unaffected and agreeable. The engraver has also done justice to his task; and the features of the Author of Paul Pry will very soon be as familiar as those of the laughable creation of his fancy.

*Voyage Pittoresque dans le Brésil, par Maurice Rugendas. No. I. 1re Division, Paysages. 1re Livraison.* Publié par Engelmann et Co.

LITHOGRAPHY can hardly be better employed than on a work of this sort, where it can afford us perfect notions of various scenes, of the vegetable and animal world, of costume, and of the manners of a people. A view near Rio Janeiro; another with a boat in the bay; a third of a singularly wooded forest; a fourth in the province of Minas Geraes; and a fifth

where the lasso is throwing,—render us quite familiar with Brazil, its people, and its landscapes.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## BALLAD.

My castles, towers, on Severn's side,  
Smile in the summer sun,  
Not brighter flows the silvery tide  
Of thy fair stream, Garonne.  
The wild bee murmurs in the bower,  
The deer bounds through the wood,  
And gaily blooms the primrose flower  
In that sweet solitude.

I'll hang rich jewels in thine ear,  
If thou wilt be my bride—  
I'll trap thy robe with meniver,  
And broiery beside.  
My page shall at thy palfrey stand,  
And hold its silken rein,  
If thou wilt quit thine own fair land,  
To cross the foaming main.

Your charms shall gifted minstrels sing,  
And vassals bend the knee—  
Your welcome through my halls shall ring  
With shouts and revelry;  
And as the festal board you grace,  
Or lead the mazy dance,  
The pleasures round you shall efface  
The thoughts of distant France.

My lineage I will scorn to name,  
Though high its boast may be—  
I leave the trumpet-tongue of Fame  
To tell thee my degree:

For I have borne me in the fight,  
Through many a tiresome day,  
As best becomes an English knight,  
The foremost in the fray.

St. George's banner waves on high,  
O'er tower and dintel—  
The widows wail—the orphans cry—  
The midnight breezes swell:—  
Then, Sweet, this scene of sadness leave,  
For merry England's coast,  
And in my arms forget to grieve  
For all that you have lost.

EMMA R—

## A FRAGMENT.

HOPE's faintest hue now faded, gone,  
A weary lot is thine,  
To weep in silence, sad and lone—  
Oh! aching heart of mine.

Better to break at once away,  
Than daily thus to pine,  
And watch each ebbing vein's decay—  
Oh! stubborn heart of mine.

Ah! no; amid this all of ill,  
One joy I'd not resign;  
Still let me live, to love him still—  
Oh! foolish heart of mine.

A.

## TO MUSIC: FOR MUSIC.

WHAT power can give ease, or what art bring relief,  
To the pangs of remorse, or the silence of grief?  
When the heart is oppress'd, when the spirits sink low,  
What in sorrow and sadness its aid can bestow?  
In the high spring of life, when all pleasure around,  
Makes the scene of this world with gay transports abound,  
What shall draw forth our feelings from selfish excess,  
And teach us the friendless and orphan to bless?

'Tis Music this charm o'er our passions exerts;  
'Tis Music this solace can bring to our hearts;  
'Tis Music will teach us this kindness to show,  
And a heaven to make of this region below!

F. SH—

## BIOGRAPHY.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, ESQ.

ON Saturday last this eminent publisher died at Edinburgh, after a long and severe illness. His recent embarrassments and misfortunes created too strong a sensation in the literary world to be speedily forgotten: but it ought also to be remembered, that by the stimulus which he gave to letters both in the North and South, he has conferred lasting benefits upon the literature of his age and country. Mr. Constable was the liberal friend of authors, and brought forward many valuable works, which but for his generous disposition would never have been produced.

## DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

THE activity displayed at this theatre is equal to the good taste of its management. Last week, a lady of the name of Betts made her début as *Rosetta* in *Love in a Village*, and was very favourably received. She is not very tall, but has a rather striking stage countenance, and an expressive dark eye. Her voice is of considerable compass, and sweet as well as powerful. In the lighter parts of the action she was deficient in liveliness (probably owing to the embarrassment of a first appearance); but all her graver songs were given with much effect; and a number of encores showed how well she stood with her auditors. Bartley, as *Justice Woodcock*, was replete with rich comic humour; and the opera altogether cast in a way to do credit even to this house.

This week Miss Paton reappeared as *Mandane*, of whom she is one of the most perfect representatives that ever trod the stage. Her exquisite voice and execution charmed every ear. Miss Goward performed *Artaxerxes* for the first time with great éclat, both acting and singing delightfully. Indeed, we ought to bestow a very marked meed of applause upon this clever actress, who sustains so many and such various parts with so much ability. Her face and look, it is true, seem to be framed for comedy, and her *naïveté* does not belie the promise: but, at the same time, she is quite competent to play characters of simplicity and tenderness; and improving as she is every season, we anticipate her becoming a yet greater ornament of her profession. Phillips' noble base, and Pearman's melodious notes, were heard to advantage in the other parts.

On Tuesday a new melo-drama was brought out, entitled *The Sergeant's Wife*, and principally taken from the tale of the Nowlans, in Grattan's *Tales of the O'Hara Family*. The interest is well wrought up, and the piece was received throughout with general applause. A humorous relief is introduced, but not so successfully as the serious dialogue, though Miss Goward and Keeley threw all their talents into what was assigned them. Mr. Goss is the composer of the music, which is pretty.

A NEW comic opera in two acts, with a ballet, called *The Marriage of Gamacho*, taken from the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes, and set to music by F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, was produced on the Berlin stage on the 29th of April, and has met with a success that is not unlikely



to create the jealousy of the Rossinis and Spontinis. The *Leipzig Musical Gazette* says, there was but a partial opposition to the stormy applause, and to the incessant calling for the young composer. We mentioned this rising musician on a former occasion as a great piano-forte player (now-a-days nothing very uncommon), and as a composer of quartets and symphonies for stringed instruments only, in the style of Sebastian Bach. The Leipzig critique concludes thus:—"If this first opera of young Mendelssohn be not a master-piece, it is certainly a *début* decisive of his qualifications and talents for a first-rate composer."

## VARIETIES.

**Steam-Carriage.**—The steam-carriage invented by the very clever engineer (though with a very ominous name) Mr. Burstell, was tried on the Westminster Road on Wednesday; when unluckily the boiler did burst, and several persons were wounded and scalded by the explosion.

Mr. Abernethy, the celebrated Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, has resigned his situation in that establishment.

**Literary Chit Chat.**—George Colman has completed the first volume of his *Retrospects*—they are to form three octavo volumes, and are to be ornamented with original portraits of himself and of his father.

The third volume, or continuation, of *Reynolds's Life and Times*, will consist chiefly of anecdotes of the two Green Rooms, and a comic tale called, *The Life and Death of a Publisher*.

T. Moore has given up his intention of writing a comedy for Covent Garden, and has most honourably returned to the managers the *retaining fee* they had advanced on the occasion.

Died lately of a surfeit, three new Intended publications, with the following catch-penny titles:—*What Nobody ought to Read: an Amatory Poem. The Horticultural Hedge; or, Two in the Bush: a Rhapsody—and Fig Leaves and Strawberry Leaves, dedicated to the Duchesse of \_\_\_\_\_ by a Nurseryman.*

*Shakespeare's Sonnets*.—A pompous commentator lately thus addressed the modern alterer of the Midsummer Night's Dream, Comedy of Errors, Two Gentlemen of Verona, &c.:—"How dare you, sir, operate on your divine bard?—particularly when you evidently do not know which are, and which are not his sonnets?—ay, sir,—answer me—who wrote *Comes with me, and be my Love?*" "Why," replied the Avonian harmoniser, "Marlow, so be sure." "Indeed! and Marlow, I suppose, wrote that beautiful Shakespearean sonnet, *In sooth, sweet Philomel?*" "No, Mr. Blackletter," rejoined the dramatic caterer; "I wrote that myself."

**Sulphate of Quinine.**—The utility of experimental chemistry has never been better exemplified than by the production of the sulphate of quinine—an elaborate preparation from *Cinchona cordifolia* of the pharmacopœias, possessing and embodying, to a concentrated degree, the best attributes of that class of medicines denominated tonics. In cases of general debility, arising from whatever cause, it is a safe and agreeable remedy, restoring the attenuated tone of the stomach to its pristine power, when vitiated by inordinate repletion, or diminished by insidious disease. The minuteness of the dose is one feature of its excellence, being from one to three grains only, administered at stated intervals, according to the exigency of the case. As it is an article easily

admitting of adulteration, and from its costliness offering a handsome premium thereto, those individuals taking it should obtain it from Apothecaries' Hall, in order to insure its complete success. The preparation of this active and valuable medicine has become an important branch of industry in France; where several large manufactories have been established for the purpose. It is calculated that ninety thousand ounces were prepared last year. Supposing that on the average thirty-six grains, divided into doses, were administered to every sick person to whom this medicine was prescribed (and in general much less will suffice for the cure of a fever), it follows, that the quantity prepared last year was divided among a million four hundred and forty thousand individuals! As the sulphate of quinine is beginning to be introduced into the East Indies, where it has been found a very efficacious remedy against various endemic fevers, the preparation of it will no doubt increase in amount.

**Crimes in France.**—It is an extraordinary and melancholy fact, and one which well deserves the serious attention of the legislator and the philosopher, that in France, as in England, the number of criminals last year exceeded the number in the year preceding. It appears, that in the year 1826 the number of persons charged with criminal offences in France was 7591; of whom 603, who fled, were condemned *par contumace*. Of the remainder, 2640 were acquitted; and 4348 found guilty, and condemned to the following punishments:

To death .....	150
To hard labour for life .....	281
To hard labour for various terms .....	1193
To solitary imprisonment .....	1298
To the pillory ( <i>carcan</i> ) .....	5
To banishment .....	1
To civil degradation .....	1
To imprisonment, with or without fine .....	1487
To confinement for a certain number of years (being under 16 years of age) in a house of correction .....	86

The proportion of females to males was about twenty in a hundred; and above half the accused persons were under thirty years of age. In England, in the year 1825 the number of persons found guilty of criminal offences was 9,964. In 1826 it amounted to 11,095; of whom 1,200 were condemned to death.—What can be the cause of this growth of crime in both countries?

**Mummies.**—In a discourse recently pronounced in Paris, by M. Julia Fontenelle, on the Egyptian practice of embalming, the professor maintained, that a physical necessity had rendered that practice indispensable. The inundations of the Nile annually covered for four months almost the whole of the cultivated parts of Egypt. It is evident, therefore, that it was necessary to place the towns and villages upon elevated spots. It appears, according to Danvers, that at the time of its greatest prosperity, under the reign of Sesostrius, Egypt contained, upon a territory of 2,250 square leagues, about 6,222 persons on each; which, supposing that in the year one death takes place among forty persons, gives 350,000 deaths annually. These corpses must be disposed of, either by interment or by burning. Yet both these modes were almost impracticable. If buried, either around the inhabited places, or in those spots which were overflowed by the Nile, it is evident that, by the decomposition of the bodies, the purity of the air would be so affected, as to render it the germ of destruction to the people. As for the second mode

of destroying corpses, the want of fuel presented an insurmountable obstacle to it. A more easy process was open to the Egyptians. That fine country was sprinkled with small lakes of *natron* (sub-carbonate of soda), and as that salt possesses the property of preserving animal substances from putrefaction, it was naturally used as the means of embalming dead bodies.

*Laure of Minos.*—In a volume of autographical fac-similes lately published at Paris, is the following whimsical note, addressed in 1793, by Hérault de Schelles, a member of the National Convention, to the Abbé Désaulnay, the keeper of the national library. Nothing can be more characteristic, or convey a truer idea of the epoch at which it was written:—

"Dear fellow-citizen,—Charged, with four of my colleagues, to prepare, by next Monday, a plan of a constitution, I request, in their name and my own, that you will immediately procure for us the laws of Minoas, which are to be found in any collection of the Greek laws. We are greatly in want of them.

HERAULT (de Séchelles).  
Health, friendship, and fraternity, to the  
brave citizen Désaulnay."

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. T. F. Hunt, whose recent publications on "Picturesque Domestic Architecture" and "Designs for Parsonage-Houses, &c." have obtained so much popularity, is about to give the public (next week, we believe) another work on domestic architecture, entitled *Architettura Campestre*, and directed to the illustration of rural buildings in the Italian style.

Messrs. Parbury, Allen, and Co. have nearly ready for publication a Memoir relative to the Operations of the Serampore Missionaries; including a succinct Account of their Oriental Translations, Native Schools, Missionary Stations, and Serampore College.

The Fourth Part of Mr. Thome's Series of Early Prose Romances will contain the Merry Exploits of Robin Hood; and the curious MS. Life of that Outlaw preserved in the Sloanian Library at the British Museum, will be printed for the first time in the Appendix.

Mr. Alex. Irvine, of Guilford, is about to publish a Latin Grammar, with Exercises in Construing and Composition.

The Principles of Forensic Medicine, by Dr. J. Gordon Smith, is also about to appear in another edition, with the author's latest corrections.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Tales and romances by the Author of Waverley, 9 vols. 12mo. 3*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*—Pratt's Criminal Law, 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*—The Bridgeman of the Fay, fep. 6*s.* 6*d.*—Supplement to Hamilton's Digest, royal 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*—Coventry and Hughes' Index, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 3*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*—Cary's Law of Partnership, 8vo. 14*s.* 6*d.*

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

	July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.....	21	From 45. to 71.	29.89 to 29.67.
Friday.....	22	— 56. — 71.	29.64 — 29.68.
Saturday.....	23	— 45. — 71.	29.69 — 29.69.
Sunday.....	24	— 49. — 69.	29.90 — 29.93.
Monday.....	25	53. — 71.	29.90 — 29.92.
Tuesday.....	26	56. — 73.	29.96 — 29.96.
Wednesday.....	27	57. — 73.	29.88 — 29.92.

Prevailing Wind, S.W.  
 Except the 21st, generally cloudy, with frequent showers  
 Rain fallen .5 of an inch.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.  
 Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

**Artistic Espionage.**—It has been intimated to us, that in the accounts we have given of this interesting expedition, it has been possible so far to misunderstand our meaning, as to suppose we undervalued the exertions of our hero, Franklin, than which nothing on earth could be more farther from our intention. We are, however, in the habit of knowing that we are not in the habit of knowing, and our firm conviction is, that whatever skill, enterprise, courage, and judgment, could accomplish has been accomplished by him. We simply regretted the fact, that such efforts should not have been rewarded by complete success.

We were not aware that the questionnaire made from this expedition, and which we had signed, had a translation from Florida's **ROADS**, the **Consulate** of Cordoue.

It is long since we reviewed our worthy friend the Emperor Baber, but the poetical article in our pages to-day is so distinct from the history, as to require no excuse for having been so long delayed. The concluding notice of Captain Andrews' volume, and other articles, are deferred till next week.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.** His Majesty, upon the request of the Directors, and at the request of the Public, has been graciously pleased to allow the Private Collection of Pictures, with several very interesting Additions, to be again exhibited.

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WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

**WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.** Noblemen and Gentlemen who have received their Education under the late Dr. Wingham, Head Master of Westminster School, are respectfully informed that a Portrait, engraved by William Ward, Engraver to His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, from the Portrait at Westminster, is just published, by Colnaghi, Sen, and Co. Printers to the King, Pall Mall East.

Just published,  
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This day is published, Part 1. to be completed in Ten Parts.  
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The Contributors to this volume are 372 in number.

No. IX. will appear on the 1st of September,

By the same Author,  
**An Encyclopedia of Agriculture, 2l. 10s.**  
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On the 1st of August will appear, No. XXXII. of  
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The Supplement to Vol. V. will be published the same day, containing Title and Index, and several other matters to complete the Volume.

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**THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE** for August, No. 80, New Series, price Half-a-Crown, will appear on Tuesday next, and contain—On Disagreeable People—Sketches of Hayti—The First of Spring—Poivre Genetivie, a Confidential Adventure—The Cabinet Men—The Adventures of Nafrages—Village Rambles, No. 2; Our Maying—Notes on the Month—News for the Month—General of Impertinence—The Collateral—Female Boarding Schools—Account of the Murderer—Morals in Spain—General Foy—Riot in the King's Bench Prison; the 111-used Debtors—Incautions Epigram—Travels in New South Wales—Military Punishment—Mr. Hunt in the City—Scenes of Slaving—Competition in Commerce—Being the Mosquitoes—Mr. Hayden's Subscription—Continence of Steam Navigation, &c. &c. Reviews of New Works—Scientific and Miscellaneous Intelligence—Proceedings of Learned Societies—Patents—Medical, Agricultural, and Commercial Reports—Obituary of Eminent Individuals, &c. &c.—Provincial Intelligence.  
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